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The Weatherbeaten Man

William V. Rooker

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with the Compliments of
William C. Rooker.

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The Weatherbeaten Man

A Tale of American Patriotism

BY

WILLIAM VELPEAU ROOKER

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Tribune Building
New York
1911

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THE WEATHERBEATEN MAN

CHAPTER I.

Cold Creek Crossing and Its Environs.

Cold Creek was a fitting stream for a Quaker neighborhood. Out of the deep recesses of the earth gently came the seepage of numerous springs, all crystal-like in their transparency, though some discolored their beds yellow, others black and others red. These converged in a broad valley and from their temperature the stream got its name.

Thus arose Cold Creek. Its meanderings were through fields rich with grass and grain, and here and there a forest. It had no cataracts nor swirling eddies. Now and then its waters burrowed beneath its banks leaving the turf, bedecked with violets and cowslips, to overhang and form dark recesses in which schools of restless minnows seemed to idle their time away, and the wary crayfish dwelt. In the forest there were some abrasions of hills which strove to imitate cliffs; great trees of God's first planting stretched their branches high above the surface of the stream or exposed their gnarled and broken roots to contact with its waters. The low hanging willow, the sycamore, waterbeech and haw, arbor-like with the dense foliage of the wild grape and scarlet creeper, caressed the ripples or yielded up their earth to the deep lotion and

haven-like became the habitation of birds. Here the noisy catbird broke the stillness of the forest with discordant chatter, or, with the thrasher, the redbird and the mocker, invited life to pause and listen to their tunes; the restless wren, nervous and excitable, challenged activity itself to contest, while the carefree bobolink rested content with its laurels as navigator of the air. And upon such a summer scene, when twilight fell, the firefly lighted nature to repose.

Worm-rail fences enclosed a dusty highway extending as far east as the eye could see. The road crossed Cold Creek on an old brown bridge, framed of hewn timbers and covered with boards riven out of oak. On either side of this bridge the banks of Cold Creek were studded with willows. On the west bank, and north of the bridge, hidden in foliage, was a small house roughly made but not intended to be rustic, within which the earth gave birth to constant waters of a great spring whose sweetness came forthwith into the service of man. A trench, bedded and walled with boulders, confined the waters for a depth of six inches, some four feet in width and thrice as long.

The atmosphere of the place was tempered with the fragrance of fresh milk. The foliage of the great yellow willow, beneath which this spring arose, shielded the little structure from the sun and made the covering of the house moss-grown. At the south side of the house were racks of crockery and pails; within the trench were many covered vessels, while out and beyond the foliage of the tree a long rack contained crockery, tin and wooden-ware exposed to the sweetening influence of the sun. From this rustic place a path led up a small incline, through an orchard and a garden, to a house two stories in height, whose broad weatherboarding was painted an immaculate

white, whose brick foundation and tall chimneys were a deep vermillion, and whose shutters seemed to vie with verdure in the freshness of their green.

Trees of apple, peach, pear and cherry had their allotted places at the front of the house, while clusters of plum, rows of quince, arbors of grapes, were beside the house. A broad porch, full length of the house, was the west side finish of that structure, and its floor was but slightly raised above the verdant turf that extended some distance in either direction, unbroken save where the shade of the trees was dense. The house stood at the summit of a slight mound, and from the house the grade in every way receded. At the extreme west a row of evergreens separated the yard from the right of way of the White River and Northern railroad.

From the south of the house a broad brick walk extended to a gate on either side of which stood a tall white pine. This walk was the way to the highway and the barns, granaries and other structures across the road. Save for the milk-house at the foot of the great yellow willow, products of the farm were all cared for south of the highway.

At the railroad there was a side track, a water tank, a big woodyard where engines took on fuel, and a small depot building in which was a telegraph office. Beyond the depot to the west were a forge, a small one-story building in which were kept for sale all sorts of staple merchandise, and finally the Quaker church, a white frame structure, with a square spire erected outside the building and in the middle of the front. On either side was an arched doorway, the men entering at the right, the women and children at the left.

Such was the home and its environment of John

Elsworth, at Cold Creek Crossing. Entering the Elsworth house from the west was a wide hall, at the north of which was a stairway leading to a narrow hall above, connecting with a half-story bedroom over the kitchen and with the three bedrooms upstairs in the main part of the house. Beneath this stairway was the passage to the cellar. All the finishing, including the stairway, was massive black walnut. The walls were papered with light papers of small figure. The floors, save in the parlor, were covered with home-woven carpets made of rags.

In the parlor, to the north of the hall, a carpet of ingrain pattern covered the floor. There were comfortable split-botton rockers and other chairs well cushioned in all the rooms. In the parlor was a square center table on which lay a Bible, a hymnal; the remaining books, a dozen or more volumes, were divided between treatises on agricultural and religious subjects, some copies of essays, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There was a large fireplace in the north wall of the parlor, and above it a broad mantel-board at either end of which was a small earthen vessel filled with flowers.

The living-room was south of the hall. In its south wall was a fireplace constructed and adorned the same as the fireplace in the parlor, except that on the mantel-board was a standing clock which hourly struck. In the northeast corner of the room was a bed with tall knob posts, made of cherry, and from the sides of whose massive rails the cordage was visible. This living-room had been the bedroom of John Elsworth and his wife since her health had become such that it was a burden for her to go up and down stairs.

To the rear of the main hall was the dining-room,

in which was a plain leaf-table made of some light wood, a cupboard, chairs and a place for a stove in cold weather, and still to the east of the dining-room, in a lean-to addition to the house, was the kitchen, light, airy, well ventilated, and so scrupulously clean that the invitation to share its hospitality, which it obviously extended to the visitor, argued its own cause and worked conviction without controversy.

John Elsworth, fifty years old, of medium stature, brown eyes and full black beard copiously mixed with white, had all his life been a consistent member of the Friends' church and a speaker in meeting. He wore the plain garb and broad-brimmed gray hat typical of his creed. For more than thirty years he and his good wife Mary had occupied the farm. Its buildings were of their construction. It was here they dwelt in kind accord with their sons David and Marion and their daughter Cecelia, the survivors of a large family, others of which had been called either in infancy or mature years to their eternal rest.

John Elsworth was a man of quiet manner but strong convictions. He never obtruded his views upon others or receded from his own position when once taken, though he said of himself that he was "a bit slow." His training of his children was never harsh and was rather by example than by admonition. There was never any compromise with wrong or error, and no favors were ever asked in the justification of right.

Mary Elsworth, the wife of John, was quite his counterpart in physical appearance, save that her complexion was light and she was of slender build. In her opinion there was on earth one man in whom she reposed all confidence, John Elsworth, and it was her constant solicitude that their sons should be worthy

followers of their father. As to their daughter Cecelia there was no cause for doubt. She was her mother's child in all respects, a consistent Christian, a dutiful daughter, a woman of pure heart and noble purposes, frugal, industrious, a good housekeeper and withal a pretty girl. She looked upon life as it came to her, and was free from any desire to occupy a place other than what she had been taught was hers. The plain garb of her church gratified her desire for dress, and the little poke bonnet of drab never varied save as the seasons required that the weight of its texture should change. She was the best speller in the district school, unless it be Charley McKindrey, was good at figuring and in the other branches taught. She instructed a class in Sunday-school and sometimes spoke in meeting.

But with all her graces and the environment of her quiet life Cecelia was not without pangs of heart, and with respect to these her family had some solicitude. For better than a year Cecelia had found herself giving more than casual notice to the trains that passed. Indeed she had come to know the schedule on which they ran, and the particular days in the week when a certain through freight was due to pass. It was some time before this awakening of her interest that Charley McKindrey had introduced to her at the station Daniel Murphy, tall, angular and sinewy, whose willowy frame seemed to have no fibre but agility and strength. He stood erect, a clean six feet; broad-shoulders, with a full, deep chest, light auburn hair, blue eyes, Roman nose, high cheek bones, big mouth, strong jaw and teeth as even as they would have been had a sculptor chiseled them out of marble. His hands and feet were delicate for one of his stature, and he admitted that in his youth he had not been accustomed to toil.

Little he spoke to the men over whom he had control as conductor of the train, and he was always the master of his temper. Quick in the discharge of business and accurate in its details, he wrote a plain hand and spoke his language correctly, though flavored with the dialect of one from the South. His voice was modulated and he seldom smiled, but Cecelia said his eyes smiled for him and that his voice was kind. Sometimes Cecelia had been at the station when Danny's train came through, but she had ceased going there because she imagined she would see him hurt, for had he not given his engineer the go-ahead signal and then stood chatting with Cecelia while his train ran by? Had she not seen the speed of the train increase as it ran until it seemed to her no living man could board it? Had she not urged Danny to get aboard before the train got to going so fast that he would get hurt, and yet he stood chatting to her unmindful of any peril until his caboose arrived? Had she not seen him swing onto the very last step of that caboose with as much agility and ease as she had seen birds pass from one bough to another? Had she not seen him come into Cold Creek Crossing standing atop the fast moving trains, and alight from them as though they were standing still? He had told her of Virginia and its people. His mother and sister still resided there. He had described the old plantation, the slaves and the customs of the people.

Virginia! How far was that away? Across the mountains, and its waters flowed into the sea! Great ships might be seen from Danny's home! Was the world so big it could contain all that Cecelia knew about it, and yet have these things of which Danny told her, or was Virginia another world? Of course Cecelia knew from her books at school where Virginia

was and she knew the customs of its people, but the books were print, and while they told of human life they were not life itself. So Danny came to Cecelia as a revelation in proof of tenets she had heard proclaimed.

Danny was so unlike any other man she had ever met. How different from her father? Her sturdy brothers had no points in common with him, for they, like Cecelia, knew the world as it was at Cold Creek Crossing. Then, too, Danny was so respectful to her; he showed her courtesies other men did not. Why was that? Did other men not know? Did Virginians alone possess that charm, or did other men, knowing these graces, disregard them? Had he not spent all his spare time at the gate beneath the pines when it was her pleasure to meet him there? Had he not asked permission of her parents to pay his respects to their daughter? Had he not acquiesced when Cecelia's father said to him: "We shall be pleased to have thee visit our family, but as to paying your respects to Cecelia we shall have to consider that: the child is so young she hardly knows her own mind yet."

Had he not called at the family home; spent Sundays there; eaten dinner with them; complimented Mrs. Elsworth and Cecelia on the excellence of their food and the manner of its service? Had he not walked over the farm with Cecelia's father, and from him learned the history of this improvement and that; the good points of all the live stock and the crops? Had he not chatted with her brothers, seen their flesh-burdened horses and learned their names? Had he not come to know, first hand, the aspirations of her brothers and been pressed for his opinion of them?

Had he not strolled over to the little cemetery with Cecelia and seen the graves of her precious dead?

Was he not sympathetic when she wept? Had he not gone to the Quaker Sunday-school and seen her instruct her class? Had he not sung with her a rich barytone to her soprano? Had he not told her the names and habits of plants and birds and insects? Had he not told to her without communion with her family his aspirations, and breathed to her words the import of which her womanhood impelled her to cherish? Had he not expressed to her his misgivings as to the future of the nation, and explained to her how they commanded him to pause in his purposes?

And of Cecelia, when she knew Danny was coming for the day, weren't her little white cuffs a little bit whiter and better laundered than at other times; and, too, of her little turnover collar? Was it luck or purpose? Cecelia asked herself. Wasn't the table linen neater, and didn't it spread better when Danny was to be there for dinner? And the pies and cakes, the jellies and preserves; the mellow biscuits; the steaming coffee; even the fragrance and the sweetness of the butter, didn't they all join in an argument for Danny?

Oh, if Cecelia only knew! And why didn't she know? Brother Marion insisted that Danny was pure gold. Brother David said he was raised with slaves; Father and Mother both opposed the customs of Danny's people, and Father feared Danny was venturesome and disposed to rove; while Mother's admonition was pent up in the words, "Cecelia, thee is yet young."

All these were some of the perplexities encompassed within the little poke bonnet, but they were not all. Charley McKindrey was to be reckoned with.

Who was Charley McKindrey? Imagine the stately pine and the majestic oak, the limitless plain and the

towering mountain, or this and that of other things which are incomparable, and you have Danny Murphy and Charley McKindrey as they presented themselves to Cecelia.

"Anyhow, if they were more alike I might compare them." How often that sentiment had passed through the mind of Cecelia, and unanswered there been referred for solution to her heart, the battle-ground of all women's emotions.

Charley was the third and surviving son and youngest child of Joseph McKindrey, the Weatherbeaten Man. Joseph McKindrey lived one mile west and one mile north of Cold Creek Crossing. His wife was Phoebe McKindrey. His sons Samuel and James were married and lived apart from their father. Susan, the only surviving daughter, and Charley lived at home with their parents. The family residence of Joseph McKindrey faced the south, and was fairly hidden beneath the foliage of massive evergreens. The house was one story, of hewn logs weather-boarded and painted brown with white trimmings. It had been added to until it covered a large area.

The east front room was the family living-room, and contained at its end the conventional fireplace, on either side of which was a large cupboard with blue panel doors, built into the house. Above the front door, suspended on forked limbs, cut within six inches of their crotch and one branch nailed to the wall, was the trusty rifle with powder-horn and bullet-pouch. The old family clock with a reasonant sound sat upon the mantel, and on either side of it were strings of pepper pods, dried fruits and pumpkins and twists of home-grown tobacco.

To the east of the house was a garden paled in and segregated with rows of sage, berry plants and other

perennials. In the summer time beds of hollyhocks, petunias, marigolds, touch-me-nots, and verbenias entwined the fence, taking the place so often allotted to the growth of weeds, for who had ever seen weeds on the farm of Joseph McKindrey? North of the house was a large orchard of big topped, well pruned trees, which bore all the varieties of fruit common to the locality. To the west were the barns, the cribs and granaries, and such structures they were!

Shedded in their proper places were heavy wagons equipped for hauling logs and hay and grain. Within the barns were many bright-eyed horses of massive frame and heavy flesh, soft-coated and gentle, which stood knee deep in straw, while pegged behind them were their big black harnesses. Or else, and in other barns, were cows for milk, well housed, well groomed, their large mellow eyes speaking their mission of faithful purpose; and bullocks for beef so big and strong and yet so gentle; houses for sheep and swine; buildings for the storage of provender, rigged with ropes and tackle; tanks for water; well graveled driveways; high fences and all the evidence of system, industry and thrift.

Joseph McKindrey was the largest landowner in that community, and he had money out at interest. Joseph spoke of all his possessions as "plunder," and his son Charles went under the paternal appellation of "my butt cut," a term significant of the best log in the tree. Charles was some six inches shorter in stature than his elder brothers or his father, who ranged in height from six feet two inches to six feet four inches. Mrs. McKindrey said that "Charles took after her side of the house." His square built, well knitted frame was equal to any task of strength presented on the farm. A full round face, with glowing

red cheeks, that spoke the lesson of correct living and perfect health, was illuminated with bright blue eyes that told of merriment, good cheer and mischief; a pug nose, thin lips and jaw so strong one was tempted to wonder if it were not slightly overgrown. His hair was brown and copious; it grew even a little low on his forehead. In all these respects how unlike his father, who was tall and rawboned and whose hair, long since streaked with gray, was straggling.

Joseph had said that they took the pattern of his nose from a cart wheel, and those who saw that member of his face might well have pondered whether the old man were speaking earnestly or in jest. He wore a short growth of side whiskers extending to the lower line of his ears. He had but one arm. He loved his God and Phoebe McKindrey and their children, and cherished an appetite that was famous throughout the neighborhood. Seated on his big black horse, "Prince, my husky," Joseph McKindrey was likely to be met at any season of the year and at any hour of the day or night, on his trips throughout the community looking after his farms, trading with his neighbors for their stock or grain, or ministering to the wants of those in affliction.

Pressed for his reason for riding at night to return home, regardless of the weather, his answer was: "Mother is there and the children; besides I long ago found it best to go when and where my duty called; to remain only so long as my presence was required, then hasten back home. Whether that rule has kept me out of harm, I don't know, but it has done me much good. As to the weather, it is what God has given us, and it really isn't so bad as the dread of it. While houses are for women and children and the helpless, yet it is a joy for me to go home, for no

matter how late the hour I always find mother waiting for me with a light in the window; with warm dry clothing, if I come in wet or cold, and a good hot supper. Mother would be disappointed if I did not come home, and I like for her to know that there is no place so pleasant to me as where she dwells."

Cecelia Elsworth did not look to worldly things in her consideration of Charles McKindrey. Indeed she never attempted an analysis of the qualities that made him "just Charley." At the school, which they had attended since their first school years began, they were classmates. Since he had grown up to an age that made him serviceable on the farm, it was always late in the fall before he entered school, for he never came till all the corn was cribbed, and then his big brown hands, seamed with furrows of deep cracks, rough and calloused, bore silent testimony to the cause of his delay "in taking up his learning." Once in school, however, he was prompt and made progress. Cecelia often found herself wondering how soon he would begin to come, and after he began she wondered if she were really glad that he was there, for so many little things happened that caused the other children to tease her. How often had she found in her desk one of those large red apples that all the pupils knew grew only in the orchard of Joseph McKindrey? Had she ever been spelled down by him? No. In all their contests, while he rarely missed to others, he always made a mistake when he and Cecelia were left standing alone. When she came into the school-room cold, wasn't Charley always there by the stove holding the warmest place for her? Hadn't he "walloped" Jeff Hicks, to use Charley's own expression, for running over her at play?

CHAPTER II.

Daniel Murphy's Adieu.

For a full half hour the great white pines at the side gate of John Elsworth's home had been silent witnesses to a conversation, he speaking in the soft measured tones of deep regret, she listening with childlike wonder to his words, but interrupting now and then with some short inquiry or expostulation of surprise. The warm sun of mid-morning buried its effulgence in the boughs of the pines. Even the topmost twigs ceased swaying, and nature seemed intent that not a word spoken should escape unheard.

There was the shrill whistle of a distant locomotive! For a moment the conversation paused, then, removing his hat and looking intently into the face of Cecelia Elsworth, upturned within the compass of her bonnet, Daniel Murphy said:

"That's the whistle of number 2, Cecelia. Sounds like Phil Harrity running her, but it wouldn't be Phil to be so late if he got her from the north division anywhere near on time. However, we follow him out and are due in at White Birch Junction three hours from now. I like Phil and don't mean him any bad luck, but I do wish he'd get some harmless lay-out just after he got in ahead of us. That would give me more time with you, Cecelia. Somehow I feel that I may not see you soon. My people are impatient at me for remaining in the North, and I have given them my

word that I shall return home when they require it. At each time in at White Birch I look for a letter commanding me to return to Virginia."

"Why, Danny, you are so serious. Do you mean it?" asked Cecelia.

"Yes, Cecelia."

"And leave—leave everybody here—I—I mean, you won't come back here any more?"

"Yes, everybody, Cecelia. War is a dreadful thing. Our people in the South believe it cannot be averted. We have our slaves as property and the principle of human ownership is a part of our institutions."

"Anyhow, you're so serious when you're about to go away. Is everybody you own a slave?"

"N—n—no. Well, I don't own anybody. I hope I have a pretty big interest in *one*, but it wouldn't be right at this time and under all the circumstances for me to make that interest any larger than it is. The war may divide the nation. It will estrange friends and separate families. To increase the possibilities of its sorrows just at its oncoming wouldn't be right; do you think so, Cecelia?"

"I don't know anything about war. I don't know anything about war at all. I'm not a soldier. But I do think its been an awful long time coming to get here just now. Don't you Danny?"

"No more like that, Cecelia, without my confession of fault. Of course, Cecelia, I've had all that long time, but I did not know I could win you for my bride until the time had passed in which I could expect properly to reconcile your family to your parting from them for a life which I believe your father and at least one of your brothers hate. But I'll perhaps be running here for some days, and at each passing, with your permission, I'll endeavor to stop if for but a moment, and

at each lay-over at White Birch I'll be pleased to dead-head back to see you. So, good-bye, darling. Are those rascals on the engine looking?"

He glanced toward the engine, then answering his own inquiry he added: "No. Then once?"

Drawing Cecelia to him, he kissed her and said "Good-bye."

"I couldn't see so far as the engine. But if you must go——. Anyhow, Danny, what was that other train going to do? Did you look to see if they had done it?"

"No, they're still going like the wind, Cecelia. That's our bell and that whistle blast is for me. So, good-bye."

Then, taking both her hands in his he repeated, "Good-bye."

"Well, then, good-bye. Anyhow, Danny, if you get to be a soldier will you come to see us?"

"I—I—I fear not. But I'll see you again and again before I get to be a soldier." Daniel Murphy spoke the last words as he walked away, and then breaking into a run he waved his hand to his engineer for the starting of the train. His signal was answered by two shrill blasts of the locomotive whistle. Great clouds of light brown smoke began to curl and roll, imbedding their folds in one another as their circles ascended heavenward, and rolled thence back to spread their obscure embrace over the form of the slowly moving train.

Cecelia stood alone beneath the great white pines which, listless until now, began to move their foliage as if to break the reverie and dispel the desolation and possess her with at least some communion. And could they have heard the stilled voice of her heart saying: "I wish that old train was one of those ships

Danny told me about, and this railroad was a sea and I was on a rock cliff, then I could see Danny till he got out of sight and he could see me, too. But there isn't any romance here. That old railroad is rattley-bang, rattley-bang, and you can't see anybody anytime. Anyhow, I like Danny and he likes me. Anyhow, I'm just Cecelia. I wasn't born to romance or anything like that. Anyhow, romance is just to put in the books and pictures. Anyhow, I can be as happy as I have been. Anyhow, my folks all like me and my mother says Charley McKindrey doesn't like Danny any more, and brothers both say Charley is as fine a boy as one will meet anywhere. Anyhow, it's time for me to hurry back into the house instead of standing here all alone. Anyhow—what's that I hear? It's Charley now. He's finished his work and going home. Whistling. (She listens.) 'Coming thro' the Rye.' He says that's an agricultural song made for farmers, and he's glad he's one. And he says their ancestors were Scotch-Irish, and he has a right to whistle it, sing it or—put it in practice. I don't know what we are except we came from Wayne county and attend the Friends' Church. I wish I knew language, then I could tell where our folks came from. It must be nice to know one's family history. I wonder if Elsworth is Dutch."

The sound of the whistling grew more and more distinct. Cecelia mused: "I shall not let Charley see me after he comes up the hill, standing here alone, so I'll busy myself with these rose-bushes, and I'll sing, too."

Stemming some leaves from the boughs of the bushes and turning her face from the direction whence Charley was approaching, she began to sing:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to view.
The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock, where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well.

"That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The sweetness and purest——"

"Whoa, Dick, Whoa, Kitty. Well, well, Cecelia. Wish I was that old bucket."

She must look up, for there was Charley beneath the pines. As she approached the gate and he advanced toward it he continued: "Been journeying? Been over to our house and nobody at home; nobody there only mother and Pap and sister?"

"N—no," stammered Cecelia, somewhat confused, "Anyhow, I haven't been there to-day."

"Little Anyhow's been railroading again! Ah, I see. I thought it was Dan's caboose. They passed when I was on the other hill and I wasn't certain. When you going to take out a train, Celie? Ha, ha, ha: Little Anyhow in the railroad service!"

"Anyhow, Charley, you oughtn't to laugh at me. I'm in trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Misery!"

"Misery?"

"Yes, awful misery. There's going to be war."

"War?"

"War! It's going to estrange friends and separate

families. It's already preventing those who like each other from——"

"No, it isn't. No, it isn't. It's been a long time coming and those who are really fond of each other will not be estranged, though they may be separated."

"Do you really believe that, Charley?"

"Know it. Celie, is that railroad chap going back South?".

"Anyhow, I don't know any chap," with an inflection of indignation. "I know Mr.——"

"Daniel Murphy, the ladies' man of the line. Anyhow, what's he been telling you? Is he trying to practice some sort of deception in this neighborhood? Estrange friends! Separate families! Bosh! Anyhow, I'll bet a red apple against one of those roses in your cheeks that no war will ever separate the McKindrey family or estrange it from its friends."

"Maybe I'd eat the apple and I'd keep the roses, too, as you call them. Anyhow, what a funny bet."

"No, I'll get the roses if I win, just as you'll get the apple if I lose, only I'll get all that goes with the roses. Come, now, Celie, won't I?" he inquired, laughingly.

"Charley McKindrey, you're a simpleton!" She paused abruptly, and apologetically continued: "Anyhow, wasn't that dreadful for me to say? I hope I didn't hurt your feelings?"

"Taken seriously, rather if meant seriously, it would. But I know somebody better than she knows herself. She hadn't spoken the word till her dear little heart sent an apology after it. Anyhow is a busy little bee without a sting; a rose without any thorns on it. But Anyhow mustn't get too serious. She wasn't born for that."

"Nor for nonsense."

"No?"

"Nor for romance."

"No; nor for war. Going South, Celie?"

"Anyhow, I'm afraid—I guess—I don't think—I——"

"Hope not," and Charley smiled.

"Anyhow, war is a dreadful thing!"

"Why bother your little head about all that? You couldn't stop the war with all your worrying, if it's bound to come. You have no person to grieve about even if war should come, for Quakers don't go to war and your people are Friends."

"Anyhow, your folks are the kind that fight. Father said——"

"Are Danny's?"

"Anyhow, I don't know. They have slaves and they believe in slavery. It's one of their institutions. Anyhow, war is a dreadful thing."

"When I introduced Danny to you I believed he was my friend, and I don't like to know of his causing you any worry. I believe I saved his life when his train came so near being wrecked by that worthless Jack Bruce. You and I have been friends so long, Celie. You know I'm saving my money. I'm thinking I may buy O'Donnell's farm when it is put up at the administrator's sale, as I understand it must be. It lies just across the road from Pap's lower farm, which he may give me. Both tracts join your place here on the east, and when I get a home of my own I'm going to ask you to forget Danny and all the worry he has caused you, and everybody else but me."

"Anyhow, that war may come. We've hidden some slaves in our cellar till they could rest up and get away. Father says our church teaches that. The slaves say, too, that war is coming."

"We haven't had any niggers yet and I guess we won't. Pap don't believe in interfering that way. He says the man don't live that's good enough to own another man, or even to govern him without his consent, and he says the niggers that run off have no manhood or they wouldn't act that way—running off and leaving their women and children to stand the tortures for their men's mischief. But don't worry about the war. I won't talk war with you. Come, now, I mustn't leave Celie in this frame of mind. She thinks her dear little heart may be in the South because of that cotton-headed railroader. Cotton, calamity, Celie. Here, this will never do."

Charley opened the gate and started toward her. As she receded he began singing a parody on "Dixie.":

"Way down South, in the land of cotton
Get away, get away, get away;
Hoe cake bread and roasted 'possum,
Get away, get away, get away."

Then with enthusiasm he inquired: "What do you say right now, Celie?"

"Anyhow, I'm going into the house right now, for I don't know." As she answered she turned away.

He overtook her and caught her hand, from which she drew back, exclaiming: "Charley McKindrey, why don't you behave yourself?"

"Say the rest of it, Celie: 'Pick on someone of your own size and of a fighting family, and not on a little Quakeress that wouldn't fight if she could and couldn't if she would.' But, Celie, I want my rose. The bet's as good as won."

He released her and she ran toward the house, halting at a safe distance to listen when he said:

"Well, good-bye, Anyhow. I'll be down after supper."

"Good-bye," she answered. "If you're coming I'll hurry and get the supper work done and—and—go over to Downey's or somewhere till you go home. Anyhow, good-bye."

Charles remounted and rode away, humming his parody on "Dixie."

CHAPTER III.

His Resignation.

Daniel Murphy arranged his train records in a small grip, locked the door of his caboose and hastened to the yard office to turn in. The office was a long, low, smoke-stained structure. Its outer room, partitioned off by an iron grating, contained a big, round stove. About the sides were benches, and on the walls were numerous placards including time-tables and various rules and regulations. A number of brawny men were within the room. Some carried lanterns, other bundles of flimsy papers, while others were engaged in registering for trains about to be placed in their custody.

There was the usual badinage that goes with such a gathering. Here an engineer, exulting in a record run, was praising his engine and describing "how she behaved;" there another, bemoaning his ill luck, offered the excuse that "she was out of sorts when we started and oughtn't to have been required to go." And so it ran. If Daniel Murphy's mother had taken any interest in his naming she must have been shocked, could she have heard the appellations to which he answered on that occasion: "Red," "Sandy," "Headlight," "Cold Creek," "Quaker," "Sunshine," "Lengthy," and the like, all illustrative of some personal, historical or geographical incident of which the speaker was advised. If anybody knew him by the

name of Daniel Murphy the fact was not disclosed. From their conversation one would never have learned their names.

Danny turned in his papers, signed the final register and, reaching within the wicket, drew forth a package of mail from which he removed a letter that he read and reread, unmindful of the scene about him. At last he opened a door in the iron partition, passed through a room in which a number of clerks were working, and went into an apartment beyond, where he found Division Superintendent Frank Smith conferring with some train-service men.

"What's the good word about 18, Murphy? You brought her in, I believe?" asked Smith.

"All's well with 18, Mr. Smith, but it was my last trip," Danny answered.

"What's up, old fellow? Anything wrong with the service?"

"No, sir. I could not ask anything better than what I have received at the hands of the company. The officials have been courteous to me and considerate of my shortcomings to an extent I did not deserve. The employees are a fine lot of fellows and I like the service."

"Ah, I see. Something better offered you?"

"Nothing, but——"

"You're not a married man, Murphy—no family sickness?"

"No, sir."

"Girl?"

"N—n—n—; not to make me resign."

"Finances?"

"No, sir."

"Well, Murphy, you're a puzzle. Have a job you like; no sickness in your family; no girl in the case;

finances all right; like the service; nothing better offered you, and yet you're going to quit."

"It's this way, Mr. Smith: My folks live in Virginia. I say folks, I mean mother and sister. Father lost his life in the war with Mexico. Ours is an old Southern family. While we are much devoted to our country we are, also, devoted to our State, and our devotion to each is measured by our devotion to our institutions, and they represent the principles in accord with which we have been raised. If you know Southern people you know they think their first and greatest duty is the correct bringing up of their young according to the parental ideals. Our family own a fair number of slaves and believe in slavery. I am in receipt of a letter from mother commanding me to return home forthwith. She says she needs my presence and perhaps my services there; that she believes war between the North and the South may begin any moment, and she does not want me surrounded by Northern influences any longer."

"Ah, I see."

"No, Mr. Smith, you do not see; you cannot see the situation unless you are familiar with the South. Our people believe in that which their parents taught them was right and which seems to have been acceptable to the nation until now. A change, however, has come and it seems the country now demands that we give up, not only the extension of slavery, but, also, perhaps, that we emancipate our existing property. Mother and sister are surrounded by many good people, circumstanced as our family is, and these people may doubt the loyalty of our folks if I do not return to them now. You can imagine how difficult the situation of our family might be if I failed to return at once. I cannot do that which will increase my mother's

sorrows, and aside from that I am a Southerner and believe in the cause of the South. I, therefore, resign my position in the service of your company, and ask only that you cherish a fond recollection of the things I may have done well for you and that you forget those in which I have not measured up to your full standard of efficiency."

The superintendent arose from his seat, and, advancing, extended his hand to Danny, saying: "This company always regrets to lose good men, sir, but it lightens the burden of our loss to give them up to the cause of a mother. As to the political aspects of the case I hope you may be mistaken. Go home to your people, if that is your pleasure, and if, in the course of time, you conclude to re-enter the railroad service in the North, have in mind that we are always open to the employment of men who are loyal to principle. Good-bye, sir."

"Thank you, sir," said Danny as he accepted the proffered hand, "and good-bye."

CHAPTER IV.

The Reconciliation of Cecelia Elsworth.

The family of John Elsworth were at their evening meal when he entered and addressed his wife: "Did thee think I wasn't coming?"

At the entrance of her husband Mary Elsworth arose. Answering his inquiry, she said: "No, dear, we reckoned thee was busy."

"Well, not so very busy either," John continued. "The smith was busy and it took some time to get old Foxy shod and my repair work done. The smith he was a little slower than usual, too, listening to the war talk that's going on. It's about all people seem to know now or care to talk about. I heard more about the Kansas and Nebraska law and the Missouri compromise than I imagined could be said. Then the John Brown matter down at Harper's Ferry seems to be having more effect than any one looked for. Seems like when people get worked up they will be turned by things they ought to overlook. I'm glad the matter doesn't concern me or mine. The Friends' church does not believe in human slavery, nor does it believe in war."

Pausing in his conversation, John Elsworth searched his pockets, and handing a letter to his

daughter, said: "I most forget, Cecelia; at the post-office they handed me out a letter written to thee. Some Christmas greeting, I allow. I didn't have my specs, so I didn't open it, and I don't know who it's from."

Cecelia opened the letter, and as she unfolded its pages, remarked: "Anyhow, it's a big, long letter. Why, it's from Danny. I wonder where he's been all this time. Anyhow, he must have bad news for me, for he signs his whole name, Daniel Murphy. Listen, and I'll read it to you:

"'Murphysville, Va., Dec. 31, 1860.

Miss Cecelia Elsworth:

"'My dear Friend: When I got into White Birch Junction the day I last saw you I found a letter from my mother commanding me to return at once to Virginia. I cannot say I was surprised to receive it, for I had felt for some time that it would come sooner or later, but I was shocked just the same. Our people live within the State where that man John Brown was working, and our commonwealth has placed the seal of condemnation on his work by putting him to death. Mother wrote me that the people there believed that war was likely to begin at any moment. Our family, as I told you, has for many generations owned slaves, and we have been taught that the institution of slavery is right. Of course, I realize that the system has its evils and that it is attended with abuses—far too many—but to admit that there are abuses is to confess that the system is correct in principle. With that matter, however, you will give yourself no concern.

"'When I first saw you in your little drab poke, I thought the Friends' church was a strange institution, but now I appreciate it more fully than ever and all

your words in praise of it come back to impress me deeply. Your church does not believe in war, and that is an assurance that your brothers will remain at home and the happiness of your family will not be disturbed by the horrors of war, however much they may confuse your individual impressions. On the receipt of mother's letter I resigned my position as conductor and quit the service of the company.

" 'For reasons which I hope may never be realities, I returned at once to Virginia to remain an indefinite time. I thought it was only fair to you and your family that I should not call in person, and that I should delay advising you of my course until I had returned home. Whatever may come, I shall cherish the fondest recollections of yourself and family. May I ask that you offer to your father and mother and to your brothers the expression of my most sincere appreciation. It is to be hoped war may be averted, or that if it come it will be of short duration. For myself, I cannot foretell what the consequences may be. I may be misguided in my judgment, but I feel that for the present all my obligations should be and are in the South, and I therefore ask with the sincerest regret as to yourself, that you join in my conclusion. Let me, however, renew my assurance of the highest esteem for you, and express my fondest hope that your life may be one of unbroken happiness. It is with extreme sorrow that I say, good-bye.

" 'Most respectfully,

" 'Daniel Murphy.' "

"Sis, thee does well to be rid of him," observed her brother David.

"But it will be a long time, Sis, before thee finds a more manly fellow," her brother Marion retorted.

"Anyhow, he was always respectful to me," Cecelia answered.

"Daughter, thee will be of good heart. Let thy ways be ways of purity, simplicity and peace, and bear in mind that the greatest comfort thee can get is the self-consciousness of right. Daniel's expressions of confidence in thee will compensate thee for all thy loss of his society," Mary Elsworth remarked, as she observed the emotions of her daughter.

"Anyhow, mother, I'll go draw the shades, and let me be alone," said Cecelia, as she arose from the unfinished meal and left the room.

CHAPTER V.

The Weatherbeaten Man.

How furious the storm! The mad winds in their rage rent themselves against the great pines at Joseph McKindrey's home and howled with pain. Rain, sleet and snow! What a dreadful garment the night was for them! How they lashed and beat and defied resistance! Hurling their strength, whether against the empty blackness of the night or on one of God's unsheltered creatures, it mattered not!

Phoebe McKindrey started in her lonely vigil and approached the door when, with a violence resembling that of the night, the door opened and her husband stood before her.

"Never mind, mother; never mind," he spoke in a voice both strong and tender. "I'm only a little wet! These old duds will soon dry and be as good as when I put them on. This is a rugged night. I had to admire its spirit. For myself, I'm all right, mother; only a little bit chilly, but I'll soon warm up, now that I'm home with you."

"But it does seem, Joseph, that you could take better care of yourself if you would," his wife answered. "You should have stopped at a neighbor's till the storm was over. It worries me the way you do."

"And has, mother, for a great many years, yet here

I am; health so good I never want any sympathy; never have a chance to taste medicine or be mussed over by a doctor. I could have stopped anywhere, but I was in a hurry to get home."

"Always in a hurry. From the time I first knew you, it has been hurry, hurry, hurry. What will the world do when you are gone, with nobody to hurry things along; nobody to bear all the hardships of the seasons; nobody to help neighbors bear their burdens."

"Yes, yes, mother, but I have news for you. Our sons, Samuel and James, have both enlisted for the war and their regiments go to the front at once."

"God bless them! Oh, Joseph, I feel so faint!"

"There, there now, mother, don't break down. It's only the best kind of motherhood that produces sons who are brave men and loyal to their principles. I do regret that they failed to say good-bye to you, mother. But the boys were so busy getting ready to go they couldn't come over. You can get some comfort or worry, I don't know which, out of the fact that they won't take me, wanting only able-bodied men. Charles is too young to enlist. I came by the house of both the boys; that's what detained me. Samuel—I'm sorry the boy went away as he did. His wife is much distressed. She had no idea Samuel was going to enlist till the boy came home with his soldier clothes on and told her what he had done.

"James' wife was in better spirits. It seems her father had been talking a lot of good sense to her, and that helps her out wonderfully. But Samuel's wife, poor girl, she has no parents, and her brothers have both enlisted, too. She's left there with that baby, and it's a fine little girl, Mother, and with that boy Nathaniel. Mother, he's the best three-year-old

in the country. Can you reckon what he said when I told his mother she must come over and stay with us till Samuel came home. Why! he up and says to me, 'I'm going to take care o' my ma.' Jennie told me he wanted some soldier clothes, and he wouldn't give her any peace till she got her scissors and cut him out a pasteboard gun. Both boys left their wives provided with means, and I've agreed to take back the running of both the farms. The women say the running of the farms will be a burden to them. What has Charley been doing?"

"He broke in the hill field till the rain came up this morning and after that he went over to Elsworths. He's not home yet from there, and surely something's wrong." Phoebe McKindrey paused and listened. "Here he comes now."

"Well, by Jewstifier, Mother," Joseph continued, "that case beats all yet. Who'd a' thought those two Quaker boys would have gone to the war and that one would have gone one way and t'other the other."

"What," exclaimed Mrs. McKindrey, in tones that carried all the mingled emotions of astonishment, regret, indignation and inquiry.

"Yes. Both left home yesterday. That youngster dodged his brother at the recruiting station, so the word come back, and late last night his folks got a telegram saying he had gone to join the Confederates. He said he believed he was doing the right thing."

Charles entered and whistled an expression of his relief, when his father, turning, addressed him: "What news, my son, from the Elsworths?"

"Well, it's true," answered Charles, as he proceeded to remove his overcoat. "Both boys gone to the front; David on this side; Marion to the South. They are all torn up over there. The old folks are worried

thinking they may get churched because their boys went to war, and fearing their boys may by chance shoot each other. I felt awful sorry for Cecelia: Both brothers gone; her mother down bedfast, and her father has been in bad health for a long time."

Mrs. McKindrey listened intently to her son; then, turning to her husband, said: "Father, you must take me over there in the morning as we go to see Polly and Jennie. That family's broken down. They ain't used to such doings."

Charles almost caught the words from his Mother's lips to remark: "When you go there to-morrow you need not waste any time on Cecelia. She's all right now."

"Now?" repeated Mrs. McKindrey, placing the same inflection on the word that her son had given it.

"Yes," Charles answered.

"What has happened," asked the mother.

"I'm going to take care of Cecelia. We are going to get married when the war is over."

"You get married? Why, my son, you're only a child," said Mrs. McKindrey.

"Say, you know him," Charles retorted, pointing to his father. "Well, I have been looking at the Bible, and I'm only seven months to a day younger than he was when he took Phoebe Muller, guess you knew her, too, to be his lawful wedded wife, and he took her with a war coming on, too, while I'm going to wait till the war is over. Well, anyhow, it's Charles McKindrey and Cecelia Elsworth for husband and wife, and 'whom God hath joined let no man put asunder.' Mother, you haven't forgot where you once heard those same words? Her pa and ma've been asked."

"Charles," interrupted Joseph McKindrey, "I'm

surprised at your discourtesy to your own parents. Why didn't you consult us before taking a step of such importance?"

"Two reasons, Pap. First, paying you in your own coin. As I remember it, I didn't know anything about your wedding till a good many years after it was over. Second, it was all so sudden."

With a twinkle in his eye Joseph McKindrey turned away, while his wife continued the conversation.

"My son, when did all this happen?"

"Since it began to rain. A rainy day's a bad time for sweethearts to get together, or maybe it's a good time. You know, Mother, I've liked Cecelia for a long while, and she likes me. So to-day I heard her brothers were gone and I went over and there they were—her brothers gone, her mother down in bed, her father hardly able to get around, and Cecelia crying. And when she tried to hide her face from me and I saw her little shoulders shake I just took hold of Miss Cecelia Elsworth and turned her around toward me, and then she cried like a baby, and her mother cried, and her father he choked up, and I, well I just——"

"Cried, too," his father interrupted.

"N—n—what made you think I cried? There was a sort of funny feeling in my throat and you know I couldn't remember anything but—but your cuss word, Pap, so I said, 'Well, by Jewstifier.' And Cecelia she looked at me again in a funny sort of way and her eyes were full of tears, and I just took her in my arms and kissed her right there before her Pa and Ma and me. Why there was nothing else that a man could do. And it seemed to do her a whole lot of good, and when I saw I was some comfort to her I kissed her again; maybe I kissed her twice, for

I don't just remember. You see I tried to kiss her once before and she slapped me and this time it was so different that I made up for lost time by popping the question, subject, of course, to my getting in the war, and I asked her Pa and Ma and her all at once."

Joseph McKindrey suddenly remembered something in a distant part of the room to engage his attention and turned away while Charles, stretching himself to his fullest stature and looking earnestly into his Mother's eyes said: "Say, Mother, ain't you proud of me? I am."

"All these things coming so suddenly bewilder me," his Mother answered.

"I myself hardly see which way to turn," said Joseph McKindrey, coming back to the conversation and standing at his wife's side. "Do you know, my son, that your brothers have both enlisted and that their regiments go to the front soon? I was just telling your Mother when you came in."

"I knew that," answered Charles.

"And didn't tell us?" inquired his father.

"You ought to have known it, Pap, old as you are. Can't you tell from men's actions when there's fight in them?" The son continued: "They have both been acting sullen for some time. I'm glad they haven't separated, like Cecelia's brothers did."

"No, my son, they have both entered the Union army, but they are not in the same regiment. It isn't in the blood of our family to shoot at the old flag. Both my grandfathers were soldiers in the revolution; my father was in the War of '12 and made the charge at Lundy's Lane. In the war with Mexico I went out and did what I could till they sent me back from the field at Monterey. So the family record is one

worthy of your pride, for all the men of war age have been soldiers under the old flag in every war the country ever had. But now as to your affairs. You tell us you are engaged to marry Cecelia Elsworth, a most likely girl, my son?"

"Yes, sir, engaged. Course no day is fixed just yet, and I said to her I might have to help along some with the war before we were married. I reckon it wouldn't have been proper to have fixed the day under all the circumstances, and when we're just become engaged. It was no easy thing to reconcile Cecelia to my going to the war, but she consented when I promised her if I went and I ran across her brother Marion I'd try to get him either to go back home or join the Unions. She's got her notion about how he happened to go South. She told me, and this is one of our family secrets over there, that they've been keeping run-away negroes in their cellar till they could rest up and go their way. Marion made a study of the negroes and didn't like them. He said they had no manhood to do like they were doing, and weren't fit to be turned loose among white people.

"When she told me that, her Pa asked me what I thought about it and of course I didn't know much about it except what you had said, so I told him I guessed negroes didn't have very much in 'em or to 'em, but that no human being was so bad that there was another man good enough to own him. I told him this country of ours was a country for all the people alike; that they ought to be free and equal, and that I didn't see how a country that was for the common good ought to allow one set of men to do things or have rights that were denied to others. I told him if they let men own one another in the South they ought to make the system general or do away

with it altogether, and that as for me I had no use for that kind of business and thought it might be wiped out everywhere.

"Course Cecelia had lots of respect for Danny as a man and, so as not to cross her, I said the war wasn't one of malice or ill-will, but just one of principle, and when her Pa told me he thought I was right, Cecelia was pleased and consented that I might help in the war if they'd let me."

"I did not know you were paying your respects to Cecelia," observed his father.

"Respects, no; well, yes, respects, too," answered Charles. "Of course I respect Cecelia, but it was more than respects. You mean you didn't know Cecelia and I were in love with each other? Well, I didn't for sure either. I wanted to know. That was what bothered me, and it seems now that Cecelia was the same way. Well, there isn't anything more to be said. Nothing but the war can prevent our wedding."

"How do you mean to support your wife?" his father inquired.

"I have been thinking about that myself. Do you know it puts serious thoughts in a man's head to be engaged to marry the woman he loves? I thought as I came home I might farm Elsworth's place, but then some one might think I was dependent on the old people, and that's a thing I shouldn't like. Then I thought of farming this place if you would let me, but I don't want to bring my wife to another man's home, so I just concluded to think it over a little more.

"I thought maybe I'd buy O'Donnell's farm at the administrator's sale, for they were telling it down at the store that that place has got to be sold; that the children are too young to save it; that O'Donnell left

only $1,000 in gold and that it seems now, or at least they claim, he owed over two thousand dollars in debts, and that the administrator will have a big sum coming to him for his pay and the costs of the court and the lawyers' fees. And they say it's going to take all of $2,500 to clean up everything, and that the farm, which everybody knows is worth $5,000, won't fetch more than $3,000 or $3,500 at the most. I thought maybe I could go in to-morrow to the county seat and have a talk with the administrator."

"Why, my son, what have you got to buy a farm with?" His father as he put this question scanned the boy closely.

"Now, Pap, there is just one trouble with you—you're getting old. You'll soon be fifty, and when a man gets to that age he don't understand how the young fellows have to do that are on the firin' line. You tell me I haven't got any money. Well, that's true. Nobody has much. That is why the farm is going to sell so cheap. There is one thing bothers me more than all that."

"Taking advantage of the O'Donnell children?"

"Now, Pap, you're getting young again. The old homestead is a precious place to them. Everything that's there was put there by their parents. Their father chopped those fields out of the forest. He put up the buildings and improved the land. He was in a fair way till his wife died. And I was thinking of it as I came over and I said to myself: 'That poor old woman planted every flower on that farm and she planted them for her children. And for me to step in and hog it from them children—well, I don't feel just right about it.' Last time I went by that place I saw Tim O'Donnell, three years younger than I am, bringing his team in from the field when his sister,

Biddy, more than a year younger than he is, had rung the dinner bell. And then farther down the road I met little Kitty O'Donnell with the two small boys coming home from school, and she had her arms around them. And when I thought that over to-night I said to myself, I don't know whether I care to ask Cecelia to live in such a place. I believe she'd go back on me if she thought I liked that sort of gain. But I'll go in and talk the matter over with the administrator."

"My son, I'm glad to hear that you feel that way. The honest purchase of property is always a worthy thing for a man to do, but getting property at a sacrifice because of some one's misfortune is wrong. I know the law allows it, but I want to say to you now, if you take one of those men whose conduct always comes just within the law and scratch him you'll find a man who is not a useful citizen. Such men have nobody's sincere respect. Their own families have contempt for them; their children often go wrong, and in the end the law by which they measured their deviltry destroys them."

"But, Pap, you said one thing the other day that I don't like. I can't say I don't like the sentiment of it, for I do, but I ain't able to get any peace of mind out of it in handling this marriage question—that all the boys of war age in our family have always been soldiers. I'm too young to get in now, but I won't be if this thing holds on much longer, and won't I be a hell of a McKindrey with that kind of a family record, to stay here at home speculating in real estate when all the other boys are and always have been at the front? Why even little Nat is made of better stuff than I am, for he is over there carrying a pasteboard gun and saying he's going to take care of his

mother, and she, poor woman, is trying to keep up her spirits with her husband and both her brothers in and her brothers-in-law—all of her men relations, but me—carrying a musket in defense of our country.

"You see, Pap, you're not in my place. This whole thing worries me. You can go to bed and sleep at night, while I roll and toss and wish there were no nights. And many things provoke me. I saw both Sam and Jim, and talked this over before they went away. They wanted me to be what help I could to their families, and to break the news easy to you and mother. I told them they had known you longer than I had, and they ought to know you'd find it out as soon as it happened, and that after you learned it there would be no breaking the news gently to Mother unless I happened to get there first after they had got away. I told them if you beat me to Mother she'd get the news about as gently as a haydoodle gets a July tornado. Sam said he reckoned you might have reformed in your old age, though he knew when he was at home that you'd a rode all night through any storm to lay the news gently like at Mother's feet. I told Sam if he was counting anything on your age he'd lose, for you wasn't any older than when he first knew you. But, Pap, Jim was easy on you. He just said 'Pap's a corker, ain't he? It's a pity God Almighty hadn't made some forty-eight hour days with six hour nights so Pap could have gone till he got tired?' "

"Well, my boys needn't worry about me," interrupted Joseph McKindrey, with a spirit of indignation.

"They ain't, Pap," Charles replied.

"Now, what are you fixing to do, young man? You said things provoked you."

"Well, it seems everything goes against my grain," proceeded Charles. "Why, down at the store this afternoon I'd of whipped Si Martin if there had been any fight in him. He was saying the war was one between the Larkspurs and the Cockscombs, with the Cockscombs shooting holes in the old flag, and that the only patriots were the Larkspurs, and he said it had always been that way. And I told him he was a d—d old liar. I told him our own family were all Cockscombs and so were Jennie's brothers, and that they were all enlisted but Pap and me, and they wouldn't take Pap because he had only one arm and that I was so young they wouldn't let me join. And I told him about Jennie's two brothers, too; that they were both Cockscombs and both were at the front in defense of their country. And I said to him 'If you're such a h—l of a patriot why haven't you enlisted instead of staying here to run the store?' And he said his eyesight was bad. I told him he was a liar and I could prove it on him, and I told him it hadn't been a year since I heard him bragging about being the best turkey shot in the neighborhood because of his good eyesight, and the fellers they all said that was true."

Joseph McKindrey gave rapt attention to the earnest conversation of his son, and said: "If you had left out that rough language I could say amen to all you told Martin. It's all right for him to run his store, because merchants are necessary, but he ought to keep his business out of politics. One of the dangers to our country, my son, is to be found in just such cases as this. There are a lot of people who use the country's situation for speculative purposes. They are shrewd fellows, too. In order to hide their own purposes they try to raise some sort of public prejudices that will blind the people to what is going

on. When the air clears and the people look to what has happened, they often find that they have really been standing up to be plundered while they believed they were resisting some hidden danger from another source. Be careful how you go about praising the patriotism of your own people, for those who must speak for their own patriotism, or lament its absence from others, are usually without the spirit of self-denial that makes good citizens and brave soldiers.

"You've heard the old fable of the man who cried 'Stop, thief,' when he was the thief himself. Well, the rule that applies to one man alone will apply to a number of men when they act together. Martin will be able to fool some of the people for awhile, but they will at last learn that he is about what you said of him. He has a lot of goods in his store which he bought before the war when prices were down, and which he is now selling at a great profit. He is really afraid the war may stop before he makes all the money that is in sight, and so if he can get the people angry he hopes to prolong the struggle till he can come out of it a rich man. But it does you no good to use rough language. It makes you appear ill-bred and foolish."

"I know that and I'm sorry," Charles responded in tones of repentance. "I hope you and Mother will forgive me. But a fellow sometimes gets so hot he can't help letting loose, and I felt that way. I've made my mind to go over and tell Cecelia what I said and make amends to her, too, because she would think I was a terribly bad fellow if she heard of misconduct on my part, and she'd be sure to hear of it, too. Every once in a while she tells me how respectful Danny always was, and that he was a gentleman."

Charles looked inquiringly into his mother's face,

so beset with earnestness, and got comfort from her statement: "Cecelia is a sensible girl, and while she would regret your bad language she would feel as you felt, and would excuse you because she knows that men are frail and do not always control themselves."

"At least I'm going to see her. I'll come that way home from the county seat to-morrow——"

"Or go that way," interrupted his father, pleasantly.

"Or both," responded Charles, accepting his father's challenge. "But it's getting late and I'm going to bed. I got my supper at Cecelia's, so good-night."

Charles approached his mother and taking her into his arms kissed her good-night as he said to her in tender tones: "Mother, I believe you know Cecelia. There must be something like Freemasonry between women that they can know one another so well. Good-night, Pap." And he turned away.

"Good-night, son," responded his father. "Have you been to prayers?"

"Yes, at Cecelia's."

CHAPTER VI.

Felix Honeyman.

"Way down South, in the land of cotton,
Get away, get away, get away!
Hoe cake bread and roasted 'possum.
Get away, get away, get away!"

Charles McKindrey found himself often humming his parody on Dixie as he strode along after leaving Cecelia's on his way to the county seat. To him the parody was an interlude in the drama that was being enacted in his own mind and which involved Cecelia's prospective destinies as his wife. Unmindful of his environment he mused: "I'm glad I saw Cecelia before she heard any false reports about me. She is a mighty sensible girl. What a noble wife she'll make. Mother had told me to a dot how Cecelia would act, and now I know there must be some sort of secret force among women so that they can tell how one another will act about the conduct of men. How deep set her religion is.

"I shall never forget the look on her face when she told me she was hurt at my conduct, but that she was not taken wholly unawares. She said I was the son of my father; that she often wondered how a man of such rugged temperament as he could have such an abiding faith in God when ordinarily religious people were inclined to be timid and avoid the hard side of life. She pictured Pap correctly when she

says he is rugged, and doesn't seem to know the difference between the hardships and the pleasant side of life. Poor old fellow. Afflicted as he is, there is no storm too strong, no weather too severe to keep him in if he has something to do that should be done. And he would ride through storm all night to get home to where Mother is at the first moment possible. I kind o' believe Mother has spoiled him for, dear old soul, when he is out she has always taken her place with a lamp at the window and waited for his coming, leaving the window only to keep the victuals warm for him when he got home, half frozen, perhaps, or wet to the skin. After all they are a pretty well-mated couple. He would go to the war now if they would take him in, and Mother—well I just wonder if she wouldn't sit up by the window and keep his food warm for him till he came home. Dear little Cecelia! She says that anyhow he is the Weatherbeaten Man, and that I'll be just like him when I get old, as he is."

Thus dividing his time between reveries in which he took a mental survey of all his friends and the humming of his parody on Dixie, Charles McKindrey continued his way until finally he arrived at the county seat, and ascended a rather pretentious stairway to the office of Felix Honeyman. Knocking at the door with some timidity, and yet with sufficient force to be heard, Charles McKindrey stood waiting to be invited in.

"Come in, sir; come in," commanded a voice, and Charles entered. At a great desk containing many pigeon-holes, racks and shelves, all filled with neatly arranged papers, sat Felix Honeyman, thirty-five years old, perhaps, yet his head was almost wholly void of nature's adornment. A slight fringe of pronounced blond hair encircled the base of his head.

He had light blue eyes, almost hidden in rolls of fat, and from those eyes he cast furtive glances at those with whom he talked. His brows were rather large, his nose pointed and his big sensuous lips were covered with a short growth of close cropped beard. He might change his identity in a relatively short time either by removing his beard wholly or by allowing it to grow. As Charles approached the desk he got one of those furtive glances, and Felix Honeyman, in a patronizing tone, said to him: "Why, young man, you evidently don't know much about the ways of the world—knocking at the public office door of a business man during business hours."

"Not much, that is true," Charles answered. "I have been taught to be respectful to others, and when I'm in doubt I do that which seems to me respectful and sometimes I do things that are not respectful."

"Ha, ha! Your explanation was not required. What you say was only self-evident. You're from the country, I take it; and what is your name?" Honeyman asked turning nervously in his seat and struggling, apparently, to get a view of Charles when their visions would not meet.

"My name is Charles McKindrey, sir," the boy answered. "I am from Cold Creek Crossing. I am looking for the administrator of Mr. Mike O'Donnell, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Honeyman, still continuing his effort at furtive glances. "Michael O'Donnell is dead, young man, and nobody can administer him; could not if he were living. Your education seems to have been neglected. I am the administrator of the estate of Michael O'Donnell, deceased, sir. I may be the gentleman for whom you are looking."

"Possibly," Charles answered. "I came to see if

the O'Donnell homestead was to be sold and what the terms of sale were to be, and whether it would be proper for me to attempt to buy it."

"You buy it? Why, you're only a boy. Have you the means with which to make the purchase?"

"I came to learn if the place was to be sold, and the terms, and if it would be proper for me to buy it."

"I see no way to avoid the sale of the place; no way; no way. I have given much thought to that subject; no way; no way. O'Donnell's affairs were in bad shape; bad shape; very bad, indeed. He left his estate heavily involved; heavily involved; bad shape; bad shape; very bad indeed; indebted to general creditors in the neighborhood of $2,500 and nothing to pay with; nothing to pay with."

"He left $1,000 in money," Charles suggested.

"Oh, yes; a pittance."

"In gold?"

"Where did you get that information?"

"He was a friend of mine. A thousand dollars in gold?"

"That is true, but what is that to his debts?"

"Did he really owe anybody?"

"Of course, his children claim he was not indebted to anybody in his lifetime and that the only expenses properly chargeable to his estate were the expenses of his last illness and his burial. But his children are too young to know. It was at the suggestion of the undertaker who buried his remains that I took out letters of administration; a great task; a great responsibility. Since then claimants have appeared, and they are men of high character, all of them. I know they are men of high character and gentlemen whom any one would be pleased to have as friends. They claim the debts are owing them, and neither I nor

the O'Donnell children are able to find any receipts of payments or indeed any evidence whatever as to the transactions. So, I have been obliged to fall back upon the excellent character of the claimants and to admit that the claims are just and should be paid.

"It seems O'Donnell led a sort of dual life; holding himself out to his family and friends as a man of thrift, yet borrowing money right and left from whomsoever he could. It is too bad that men will thus deceive those who are dependent upon them and their friends. I am exhausting every resource at my command and have given the O'Donnell children a chance to make up the difference between the money on hand and the debts, including my charges for my services, the fees of attorneys and the costs of court; but the children seem to be making no progress and I shall presently ask the court for an order of sale of the farm. Do you desire to be considered a possible purchaser?"

"On what terms will the sale be made?"

"At two-thirds its appraised value. The court in its order of sale may allow the purchase money to be paid in installments. For a consideration I could advance the amount of the notes given for the deferred payments and report the sale to the court as a cash transaction. The court would, perhaps, allow the property to go at a lower figure for cash than on time."

"The farm is worth at least $5,000?"

"Possibly so, under ordinary conditions, but the financial situation is such that farm lands are not bringing much, and the farm will not be appraised at more than $3,000. So many farmers are in the war that even attractive places go unkept. Besides gold is now at a high premium."

"Two-thirds of three thousand is two thousand."

"Well, your education in arithmetic appears to have been better than your education in business ethics."

"Would the estate get credit for the $1,000 in gold as against the debts?"

"Most assuredly." As he spoke Honeyman nervously fumbled some papers on his desk and cast repeated glances at Charles. "It would get credit for $1,000 in money," he added by way of correction.

"So the purchaser would have to pay the difference between $1,000 in gold and the total charges against the estate."

"The difference between $1,000 and the debts—you can put it that way."

"So, if the farm sold to make up the deficit, of say $1,500, being the difference between the debts and the cash on hand, the court might make the $1,500 payable in three installments?"

"Good, good! That was well said, young man." Honeyman rubbed his hands together and cast repeated glances at Charles. Indeed once or twice Charles almost caught the eye from which the furtive glances came and went with such rapidity. Honeyman added: "And you can make the notes $750 each, payable to me secured by mortgage on the farm. I will advance the money to make the deal one for cash. Would you like it that way?"

"So, a man with $500 could get the farm, and if he knew how to run the place could make the time payments out of the farm?"

"He might do that, but I doubt it," drawled Honeyman with much deliberation. "He would have to give excellent security. Could you do that?"

"What would that be?"

"At least a first mortgage back to secure the deferred payments, bearing a good rate of interest and

payable in gold. Possibly the court might order the withholding of a deed until all the payments had been made, and require the forfeiture of all previous payments on failure to make any one of the deferred payments."

"You spoke of gold being at a premium. I don't just understand that or how it affects this matter."

"I'm not surprised, but, my dear young man, you know my duties as administrator do not require me to conduct a school in finance."

"I do not ask that. I merely wanted to know how the premuim on gold might affect this sale. Isn't that a fair question?"

"It doesn't concern me."

"Why did you mention the premium on gold?"

"To remind you that the value of property had depreciated. Gold is now at a premium of more than two and a half."

"You mean that a gold dollar is worth two and a half times more than a dollar in paper?"

"Exactly."

"Then why do you sell this farm at all? If you can get two and a half for one in gold, why don't you sell the $1,000 in gold you got from Mr. O'Donnell and get the $2,500 in other money that will pay these debts?"

"I gave bond to administer this estate according to law. I have employed my counsel and do not need your advice, sir. My counsel fees are a charge against the estate, and you will find everything done as the law requires."

"But is all that honest and fair dealing?"

"That is the law, but it is no more my duty to educate you in law than in finance."

"You think I am stupid?"

"Oh, you're the perfection of stupidity."

"But I'm honest."

"Ha, ha, ha! An honest dolt. The world's full of them."

"What is a dolt?"

"Another request for an educational institution. Get out of my office!" Felix Honeyman started to arise, but seeing that Charles sat unmoved resumed his seat.

"You said it was a public office and that it was the office of the administrator of the O'Donnell estate." And looking intently at Honeyman, Charles continued with deliberation: "I'm suspicious of you."

"You suspect me! What do you mean, sir?" And suiting his action to the tone of his voice, Honeyman arose.

"There's something about you that I can't explain and you won't. I bet you're fixing to rob that estate."

Honeyman sprang toward the boy with menace and fairly hissed: "You charge me with robbery! I'll——"

Charles arose and with suppressed emotion said: "I don't allow any man to draw his fist on me. You're a thief; you're a d—d thief. I can whip the gizzard out of you the best day you ever saw. Come on, you d—d thief!" Charles gave vent to his emotions by cuffing the ears of Honeyman.

"Help! Help!" shrieked Honeyman, who in an instant was surrounded by clerks and others. "This man has brutally assaulted me without provocation! Do I need a surgeon? Get the officers!"

"I'll wait," Charles said as he resumed his seat, presently to be removed to jail under arrest.

CHAPTER VII.

In Soldier Uniform.

When Charles McKindrey failed to come home that night his mother was worried. Joseph McKindrey said the boy had a long trip and might have remained in town over night or perhaps had stopped at Elsworth's. His sister Susan, alone, refused to accept such reasons for his absence.

"We all know," she said, "that he wanted to enlist. He has known all along what Samuel and James were doing and nobody else did. He has things in his head we can't see. And yesterday didn't he walk to the county seat when he never walked before. He's just thought his horse would be in his way, with no person to return it home."

Susan's arguments were plausible, but they were taken only as her opinion and not conclusive.

As to Cecelia, she was not disturbed. If she had expected him to return by way of her house she was not to be disappointed. He had walked into the county seat, and it was possible he had met some neighbor who had hauled Charley home, going another route.

Charles spent the night with a miscellaneous lot of tramps and petty offenders in the jail. He had on his person, when arrested, nearly $100 in money, and this was so unusual that he attracted the attention of the

sheriff, and they had a long conversation, in the course of which Charles described the affray and was reticent only as to his name and place of residence.

"You've got me, and that's enough. There are others I don't want to have humiliated by my being here, so I'll answer to whatever you call me," was the response he made when asked to state his name.

The morning broke with pale streaks of red, which grew brighter and brighter until the eastern skies were aflame, forerunning the ascension of the great orb of day. Charles McKindrey looked upon the scene from his prison cell. Early traffic teams were hurrying in either direction past the jail. Drivers muffled to their ears tucked themselves beneath robes or lashed their arms about their bodies and danced in their vehicles to keep up circulation. Within, the prison was barely lighted. The tall canopy of the corridor was visible, not in outline but in its great mantle of shadow. Here and there a massive beam struggled with obscurity for recognition and a dim outline became visible. Hallways of great iron bars blended their colors easily with the somber brown of the stone walls and the stone flooring. Men stood behind these bars, clinging to them, asking ever and anon of passing attendants questions unknown to the world of sunshine and freedom. At last the doors began to open, and the clanking of their heavy fixtures reverberated throughout the building, distracting attention from foul odors.

"Daylight at last," Charles mused, as he gazed across a grated corridor through a small barred window. "The longest night I ever knew; one whose recollection I shall blot from my remembrance, and one I shall never disclose to those who are precious to me."

And such a breakfast as it was! Bread and molasses and black coffee, all served in tinware. A taste was sufficient, when appetite was wanting and when human desires dwelt, not in the stomach, but in the heart.

"It's time to go to court," said the sheriff, unlocking the door of the cell in which Charles was confined, "and you may walk along with me. The bailiffs will bring the other prisoners presently."

Thanking the sheriff for his courtesy, Charles took the officer's arm; they walked out of the prison, down the street a square to the court-house. Entering by the basement door, Charles saw a large room, semi-oval in shape, with high walls painted a dull gray. An elevated platform was in the small end of the room, and there behind a tall desk sat the judge, an elderly man with large brown eyes, a full white beard cropped short, a soft voice and the manners of kindness. At either side, at lower tables, were the clerks and bailiffs. Within the bar were lawyers. The witness boxes were filled with officers in uniform and some who wore the garb of soldiers. Felix Honeyman, furtive in his vision, nervous and flushed in face, sat among a group of his clerks and friends, and gave his time to whispered conversation with them. Barely had the sheriff and Charles entered when his case was called. The charge was assault and battery with intent to kill.

"Is the defendant present?" the judge inquired.

"He is, your honor," the sheriff answered.

"He may arise," said the judge. Charles arose and stood with his cap across his bosom. His fair complexion was never fairer, nor his frank eye more frank in its lustrous expression than at that moment. He stood attentive as the judge proceeded: "You

are charged, sir, with assault and battery with intent to kill Felix Honeyman. The charge, sir, is a grave one. Have you counsel?"

"I was never in court before, sir, and am not certain that I fully understand the meaning of what you say."

"The charge against you, sir, is a grave one and you are entitled to have an attorney's advice and counsel. Do you wish it?"

"That depends, sir, upon what the lawyer would do and say. I have no desire to escape the consequences of my act, and perhaps I can tell you without the help of a lawyer what I did. I merely resented the insults, sir, of that man" (pointing to Honeyman). "I had called on him concerning a business matter and his treatment of me was offensive. As to my intending to kill him, or really to injure him, sir, the charge is not true. But I did strike him. He should have had more than I gave him. If he will stand up you will see that he is without apparent injury."

"You had better pause in your statement, young man, till you consult a lawyer?"

"I am through, sir. If I did wrong I shall accept the consequences, but without giving any assurance that I would not repeat my action under similar provocation."

"If your honor will permit me," said the sheriff, arising and addressing the court. "This young man told me at the jail last night that he had long desired to enlist in the army, but that he had been prevented by his youth. I have just learned of an order to be put in effect to-day lowering the age of enlistment. Col. Stone of the recruiting station is here. He likes the boy's looks and will gladly take him into the service."

"Would you enter the service, young man, if given an opportunity?" the judge inquired.

"I would, sir," Charles answered, with a dignity and grace of expression that carried conviction.

"Would you take this young man into the service, Col. Stone?" asked the judge, addressing his remarks to the recruiting officer.

"Gladly, your honor," the Colonel replied. "I like the young man's looks and am much impressed with his candor. He possesses the qualities of a good soldier."

"Has the State any objection, Mr. Prosecutor?" the judge inquired, addressing his remarks to that officer of the law.

"None whatever, your honor," answered the prosecutor. "Indeed, I have an abiding faith in the opinion expressed by Col. Stone, and the State will recommend to your honor that the prisoner be delivered up to Col. Stone for enlistment, and that if he do enlist that these charges be dismissed."

"The court sees no objection, and—"

"But I object!" exclaimed Felix Honeyman, arising nervously in his place. "I invoke upon this miscreant the penalty of the law. What is it all worth to conserve the government if its laws are not to be enforced and its dignity upheld? This man committed an outrageous assault on me. He would doubtless have taken my life had not assistance come to my rescue. His conduct was wholly unjustifiable and outrageous. He should be punished severely."

"The boy does not appear to the court to be wholly bad. As to the enforcement of the law and so forth, those duties belong to the courts and they will endeavor to perform their duties without malice."

"But I implore——" expostulated Honeyman.

"It is not necessary at this time for you to speak any further," the judge interrupted to say. "The

boy may be a technical offender against the law. I shall not pass on that question unless required to do so. Col. Stone, I will commit this young man to your custody for twelve hours. If at the end of that time he has not enlisted you will return him to the sheriff to answer the charges against him here. If he enlists the charge against him here will be dismissed. The clerk will call the next case."

Charles McKindrey, stunned by the rapidity with which events crowded themselves upon him; dazed by the magnitude of those events as they might affect his life; with feelings and emotions stupefied, arose and, accompanied by Col Stone, left the court-room. Six hours later he was duly enlisted in the service of the United States, assigned to the 61st Infantry, and in the uniform of a soldier was at the railroad station with other recruits in charge of a corporal, awaiting the departure of the train that would take them forthwith to the front.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Raw Recruit and the Veteran.

How slowly the train ran! How the old cars creaked and rattled! How the engine sputtered and jerked! Civilians entering the cars came to converse with the soldiers. To what regiments did they belong? From what part of the country had they come? When did they expect to reach their commands? How soon was it possible for them to be in battle? Had their regiments suffered heavy losses and where? How long would the war continue? And many other questions, some grave, others trivial, were put to the soldiers. Charles McKindrey referred those who sought information to the corporal in charge, and sought for himself quietude for reflection.

Where were father, mother, sister Susan and Cecelia at this very moment? Did they know how rapidly events had been crowded into his life? What would they say when they learned what he knew? When and how should he communicate with them? Were these people who put queries to him friends, or were they prompted by idle curiosity? Had those farm houses they were passing contributed their quota of men to the preservation of the Union? Where were his brothers at this moment? What would they say when they learned of his enlistment? Where were Cecelia's brothers, and what were their emotions as affected by their enlisted hostility to each other?

Where was little Nat and what was he doing at this very instant—and his mother and sister and Polly and her little girls? And the horses and the cattle and the dog? And were the pines at home and at Cecelia's now silent, or were they swaying in the breeze? Did he remember exactly how they looked? When would he see them again? The old barn—wouldn't a peep into it be companionable?

These and other reflections came to him to be solved and were dismissed as things unanswerable.

Was his nature pensive or was the character of his reverie due to remorse? Had he done everything for the better? Were his fellow-soldiers of his same fibre? Why were they not serious men? Why were they light-hearted and frivolous? Why did they—how could they chase through the aisles of the car? Why did they and how could they gamble at cards and drink and carouse? Were all soldiers like them? Had father, had brothers been possessed of such emotions as bore down upon him? If he were older, would he feel and act differently? Why had none of these emotions come to him before, in the days at home when he had longed for the hour that would possess him of the uniform of a soldier of his country? Would the life of a soldier be different from what he had imagined it to be? And of his future comrades—what manner of men were they? What was the record of his regiment?

And upon such queries he pondered and reserved his answers for the great hidden future.

"One thing I shall not do," he resolved, "and that is I'll not worry the folks at home about the things that worry me. I shall write them only of things that interest me from the bright and hopeful side of life, or of such things as may affect our interests. I shall

not annoy them about things beyond their control or mine. Their burdens will be bearable to them only as I shall keep mine to myself."

His resolution gave him some comfort, for, as he put it, "That's the manly thing to do."

His future! How impenetrable! With respect to it, was there any plan to follow?

"I really hope I shall never be called upon to take the life of a fellow man—the enemy, were they not human? Had they not left homes and dear ones to contend for principle? Should their remains be buried in the dark receptacle of the dead because of the cunning of my bullets? Should their lives be forever sealed to blindness of the earth's beauties; dumbed to all the harmonies of living nature; chilled to the reception of every warm embrace and the tender emotions of loved ones, by the accuracy of my aim?"

Thence homeward his reflections flew. Cecelia, life of his hope, spirit of his inspiration. Was she not now the soul of wisdom? Had she not told him "war was a dreadful thing"? Was she not now bearing all those cruel burdens it is the lot of womanhood to bear? Had he dealt fairly with her when he dismissed her expressions of grief with flippancy and had amused himself at her expense with his parody on Dixie?

Night came. Curled in their seats they had tried to sleep. At 2 a. m. they changed cars and the change had made matters worse. Then dawn appeared, and with it mountains—the first he had ever seen—their great, ragged cliffs penetrating the sky. For what service were those gnarled evergreens but to stud mountain sides with foliage and furnish fragrance to the winds that came so near kissing the very footstools of heaven? And the mountain streams! How

clear their water; low swift their current; how turbulent their course! Were they the habitations of fish? Where were the birds? There were not so many visible as at home. What were the denizens of those great forests?

The cabin of a mountaineer! Lofty in its position, it stood emblazoned as the crude handiwork of man on a sublime background furnished by the Great Architect of the Universe when he constructed the mountains. There was a dim outline of logs, piled one upon another, their interstices filled with chinking and clay; a crude chimney, made of sticks and plastered with mud; a small door on either side of which was a one-light window; the low roof, covered with boards, was almost flat. It was a place of habitation! Blue smoke came from the chimney and curled like wreaths about the verdant boughs of the pines higher up the mountain. At the front and side of the house was a small tract of cleared land, with here and there numbers of broken stone, or a stump, while to the side of the house, mutely viewing her habitation, stood an emaciated cow before an enclosure thatched with boughs and walled with stalks of corn.

A child, scantily dressed, stood beside the door, within the portal of which was a distressed-looking woman with a child on either side of her and a babe in her arms. What manner of people were they? Was there a man of the house? Was he a soldier, and if so where? Could there be happiness in a home like that, so devoid of comfort? If those children, upon attaining mature years, were transplanted from their home, could they look back upon it with fond recollections or possess a longing to return? In a moment the train whirled round the mountain side, and the cabin was lost to view.

Lurching and plunging the train, by this time filled almost exclusively with soldiers, hastened downward from the summit. The mountains began to recede. Beautiful valleys began to appear. The train halted at the foot of the mountain and refreshments were served.

Charles McKindrey resolved to give up reflections on the unanswerable and turn his attention to some of the matters that would presently constitute his life work. He made the acquaintance of some soldiers who had boarded the train at its last junction. They were under arms, and had been on a detail, transporting prisoners to the North. Did they know any of the boys of 61? Certainly, and there were none better in the service. Had the 61st not stood the brunt of many an impetuous charge? Had it not rent the lines of the enemy by the fierce impact of its own assaults? Gallant officers? Where were better to be found? Brave men? Their superiors were yet to be born.

"I hope I shall be a worthy member of such a regiment," mused Charles. "There is only one thing left for me to do and that is to do my duty as it presents itself to me, do it promptly and do it without regard for my own welfare."

Charles was unaware of the transmutation of the boy within him into man.

Aboard the train again the corporal in charge of the squad to which Charles belonged came through and announced that "their destination would be reached before another day passed, and that there had been hell to pay all along the line."

Some of the soldiers sang; other played at cards or wagered their money at devices operated by civilian gamblers; others drank or indulged in ribald jest.

Few were occupied with self-contentment, and of those Charles tried to be one.

"Recruit?" inquired a tall, haggard-looking soldier, whose uniform was well worn, whose hair was long and whose beard covered his face with an uneven growth, as he took his seat beside Charles.

"Yes, sir; 61st," Charles answered with a degree of self-composure that really astonished himself.

"Never been out before?"

"No, sir."

"Not goin' to give you none of the low degrees in solderin'?" the veteran remarked.

"Guess not," Charles answered, assuming not to have a doubt about the meaning of his visitor.

"When I enlisted we were in quarters quite awhile, and after we went to the front it was a long time before we were engaged, so I got pretty well acquainted with soldierin' before I had any of its serious work to do. But you, young feller, they'll have you on the battlefield before this time to-morrow. That 61st is a a honey, and they send her in whenever hell breaks loose."

"That's what I'm here for."

"Well, by G—, you'll get what's comin' to you with the boys of 61. But you're one of their kind o' men, ain't you?"

"I hope so."

The visitor related some of his own experiences, and fell to furnishing Charles with information, highly acceptable to him, as to the manner of messing; the ranks and insignia of officers; the composition of regiments, and a thousand and one other details of life in the army.

Early in the night there was another change of cars and this time all the passengers were soldiers. Many

of them were under arms, and Charles learned that other trains were to follow and that the men were reinforcements, being brought up from a corps of the army that was not actively engaged. There was little opportunity for rest. The cars were densely crowded. Some of the men, disregarding the comfort of others, put in the night entertaining themselves with songs, stories and otherwise. To one drowsy fellow who protested that he wanted to sleep, they sang:

"I wouldn't give a cuss for a man;
I wouldn't give a cuss for a man;
I wouldn't give a cuss for a man
Who couldn't stand a little bit of trouble."

Charles soon observed that the second stanza was the same as the first and that each succeeding stanza was like the one preceding it. He also learned that the refrain was like any one of the verses. In the course of the night Charles learned the song, though his sympathies were entirely with the drowsy soldier.

It was late next morning—possibly the hour seemed later because the night had been so long—the train was side-tracked and the soldiers allowed time for breakfast. Some of the men under arms had their rations, from which they prepared their meal by making coffee and frying bacon. Others sought eating-houses or groceries, while others purchased food from colored women who came carrying trays of sandwiches, milk and coffee. About the station all was bustle and confusion. Other trains carrying troops, all under arms, passed through without stopping. The troop-trains were made up of box-cars, stock-cars and flat-cars. As they went by the men cheered each other. The destination of each troop-

train was discussed as it passed through, and Charles was told that the point was not far distant at which the men would be distributed.

Soon after noon Charles was startled by the blast of a bugle a short distance behind him. The soldier who sat with him, and who was returning from detail duty, said: "That's attention." In an instant all was hushed save the noise of the train. A captain climbed upon the arms of two seats, and in loud voice cried out:

"Recruits and detail men will disembark at the junction and report to their officers in charge. Men under arms and not returning from detail duty will remain on board this train."

"Does that mean that you and I separate or that we remain together?" Charles inquired of his seatmate.

"We disembark together," the soldier answered. "Just how long we'll stay together after that depends on the orders we get when we leave the train."

"I hope we shall continue together for some time," Charles observed.

"You feel lonesome, don't you, young feller? I did at first, but you don't want to hang no dependence on knowin' me or no other soldier. Men in war don't want to have no likes an' dislikes if he means to get along well. These fellers is all good men, only you just don't know 'em. When you've met 'em they'll treat you nice as I have. We don't mean to get well acquainted unless we're in the same command and mess together, fer if a soldier gets to knowin' his comrades an' likin' 'em, why they're separated right away an' it's purty nigh like leavin' home again, so we just don't try to know much about one another. That's why so many of these men drink an' play cards

an' sing, fer while they're doin' that they ain't learnin' much about one another."

Charles studied closely the features of his newly found philosopher and mused to himself: "There is reason in all things."

Within an hour Charles and his fellow recruits were off the train and marching across the country. They passed long trains of wagons, corrals of horses and mules, and many straggling soldiers. Here and there were large tents, and occasionally women were seen, robed in the habiliments of churches. These larger tents were hospitals. Close by, and as far as the eye could reach to the right or to the left, were villages of tents, white in the evening sun and attractive in their order of streets and avenues. Tall staffs bearing the flag of the country, and lesser ones with other insignia, were here and there visible. These were headquarters of various commands. Finally they halted, and the corporal, stepping toward a tent where they was a large flag on a short staff, saluted a soldier on guard, who in turn drew apart the flap of a tent, saluted and returned to his post.

"This is the regimental headquarters of the 61st," the corporal said to Charles and his comrades.

A moment later an officer stepped from the tent and, responding to the salute of the corporal, was given some papers which he paused to peruse. Then turning to a sergeant he said, after answering the salute of that soldier: "Sergeant, some of these men are our recruits. You will take command of them; instruct them and assign them to their proper quarters."

The officer handed some papers to the sergeant, who, stepping in front of the line of men, commanded:

"Recruits for the 61st, forward march; halt. You will answer to your names as I call them."

He then proceeded to call the roll and check the names. He returned to the tent and obtained a signature to a paper which he delivered to the corporal.

Salutes were passed between the men, and the others of the squad who had made the long journey with Charles and his comrades of the 61st marched away. The men were admonished as to their immediate duties, which meant service in "the awkward squad"; learned their company assignments, and some of the commands were explained to them. Later they received their arms and accoutrements, and were distributed to the company commands in which they were to serve.

Three days had passed. There had been considerable skirmish firing, but no engagement. Twilight had just begun to fall. It was only on the top of the highest distant mountains that the last lingering rays of sunlight appeared. Orders were received to hasten supper, for at 9 p. m. the regiment was to change its position for an advanced one.

Charles sat before a flickering camp-fire, mincing some hard-tack and broiled bacon, and watching two soldiers who that day had become messmates. They had driven three stakes into the ground and from their intersection hung a kettle of water, beneath which was a glowing fire. Suddenly one of the soldiers peered into the vapor that arose from the steaming kettle and grabbing his bayonet thrust it into the pot and pierced a substance which he withdrew from the pot. Using his foot to loosen the substance from his bayonet, he exclaimed to his messmate: "What in hell did you put that pork in with them beans for till them beans

had cooked an hour?" He hurled the substance from his bayonet to the ground, where it became fairly imbedded in leaves and rubbish.

"Cause that's the way," retorted the other, as thrusting his own bayonet into the pork he cast it and all that adhered to it back into the kettle, with the admonition: "Now you leave that pork in them beans."

"No, I don't," the first messmate responded. "I know how to cook pork and beans." And out again went the pork from the point of the bayonet, and as quickly it was returned. This game of battledore and shuttlecock with the bacon was interspersed with various protestations as to "how mother cooked pork and beans at home" and with dire threats of personal chastisement, when from the dark shadows of some low cedars an officer stepped forth.

"Now, boys, you have either got to fight or behave yourselves. I've listened to this long enough. There won't be any punishment inflicted if you fight, except what you inflict yourselves. If you want to fight get at it right now or behave yourselves. I want no more of this."

The soldiers saluted their colonel. They implored him to decide the culinary question, which he declined to do. The soldiers stood facing each other abashed and confused. The silence of the situation was becoming oppressive when one of the men remarked, "Our fightin' won't cook that pork."

"Nor them beans," the other echoed.

"Then shake hands and stop the racket," the colonel commanded.

The soldiers shook hands, the colonel retired and presently the pork and beans, and all that had gone in

and out of the kettle in the bayonet play, were consumed with zest.

Charles prolonged his nibbling with simulated abandon when a soldier of his mess said to him: "Young feller, ye're kind a' skittish about yer eatin', but ye'll get over that."

Charles admitted that he was not a veteran. The older soldier laughed and said: "We were all like ye, when we started in. I reckon I wouldn't know how to eat back home anymore. When I was there I was so pa'tic'lar like. In the rest'rants where we took dinner when we went to town, I allus took pie, but I never would eat it till I'd tilt the piece to see what might be a stickin' to the bottom, but Lord, if ye'd let me into pie now I'd go right down through the middle, sayin' never a word but takin' 'er as she cum, fer 'better er fer wus,' as the parson told the couple when they married."

Messing a few feet away were troopers of a cavalry. Their bill of fare seemed easily arranged, and Charles listened as they relatd to one another "a good one" on one of their fellows. The cavalry had been ordered to make a charge, approaching an old bridge, which it was desired to save. Orders were that when the cavalry came up to the bridge they should halt and proceed across it slowly. When they came to the birdge, after a dashing charge across a broad, open area the enemy opened on them with grape and cannister from masked batteries. The devastation was terrible. Suddenly the trooper halted, and arose high in his stirrups. In loud voice he exclaimed: "Where in hell is our artillery?" As the words left his lips there came one of those lulls in battle when, for the moment, the silence is painful, so that the voice of the inquirer was heard, not only throughout his own

command, but as well by the enemy, and men on both sides laughed. The messmates laughed at the recital of the incident, and Charles listened to the chatter of the troopers as they condemned the making of long charges with infantry or cavalry against batteries.

"Chargin' is all right if you can get to 'em quick, but there ain't nuthin' but loss in long charges if you have to go slow. Artillery is the only thing to use against its like in long range attacks if you can't get at 'em quick." This was the conclusion of the trooper who had stood in his stirrups.

CHAPTER IX.

A Testimonial to the Nation's Integrity.

The great fireplace in the living-room of Joseph McKindrey's home cast its radiance and its warm glow throughout the room. Over a buckeye backlog and hickory foresticks the flames leaped and cracked, and now and then a fragment of shooting fire had to be brushed off some person's clothing or swept from the rag carpet back to the old brick hearth. At the south side of the fireplace Joseph McKindrey sat in one of those well cushioned split-bottomed chairs. The last embers of a pinch of long green twist sputtered in his pipe. Across the hearth sat his wife, busily knitting for the children. Susan, with her crochet needle fairly flying in its work, faced the hearth, sitting between her parents, and on either side of Susan were Jennie and Polly, respectively the wives of Samuel and James McKindrey. The room had been a bedlam of noise with children at play.

"Hi, hi, there youngsters!" exclaimed Joseph McKindrey. "There's too much noise. Nathaniel, you're the worst one of all. I can't hear a word."

The effect was instantaneous. Four children paused, stuck their chubby fingers into their mouths, stood penitent till the skies cleared, then giggled and ran away to a remote corner of the room.

"As I was saying," Joseph continued, "war is a dreadful thing. I reckon there couldn't be any greater

devastation come to a family than has come to ours: Samuel killed in battle and James drowned in the sinking of a transport. And you, Jennie, get it from both sides—your brother lost his life as well as your husband."

"It is all too true," Jennie McKindrey spoke reflectively. "I sometimes wonder if God is just. I sometimes think I could bear my own bereavement, but for these precious children. Eliza remembers her father fairly well, but Nathaniel, dear child, I cannot impress upon him any recollection of his father except when he came home that one time on furlough. Nathaniel wasn't used to seeing a man about the house, and, strive as I would, I could hardly reconcile him to the fact that the man was his precious father. I'm sure those ten days Samuel spent at home would have been much happier to him if Nathaniel could have become friendly to him. The only comfort he gave his father was to borrow his sword and ride as a cob-horse. As to my own brothers, of course dear Henry is gone, but I get some comfort from sister Aggie's letter that while brother Ben has lost an eye and a leg he will recover, though he may never regain his voice. I was thinking that if he got well he might make his home with me, and though he is so badly crippled we could be of help to each other."

Joseph McKindrey pulled at his pipe a little more vigorously; the women dried their tears; the voices of all were stilled.

"Let's play soldier," exclaimed Nathaniel to his sister and their cousins. "You girls be the soldiers and I'll be the captain."

The child turned toward his grandfather, and began tugging at his chair in an earnest effort to wedge in between it and the jamb of the fireplace.

"Grandpa, I wants my sword," Nathaniel said, when his efforts to get it by force had proven futile.

"Your sword? What's your sword?"

"It's that little poker, Pap," Susan volunteered, and Nathaniel was forthwith equipped, and the children resumed their play, their mirth lifting the gloom that had possessed the family circle.

"And, Polly, your situation is about the same as Jennie's. Of course you had no brothers to lose and you have no boy to bring up, and this bringing up of boys is always a hard task for a woman. Besides your father's wealth is such that you need have no worry on that score."

"With all that can be said in favor of my position," answered Polly, "it sometimes seems to me that life is too miserable for existence. Poor James, not to know even where his body lies. It would be a precious comfort to know that. Somebody will sometime answer for the crime of overloading that worthless old vessel with brave men and drowning them in such manner."

"But I do not know that the torment of our souls would have been less if the boys had remained at home," Phoebe observed. "They were so opposed to slavery. They did not believe one man was good enough to own another or to control him without his consent, and they were so opposed to one set of men doing things which others were not permitted to do. They knew all the risks and horrors of war, but they seemed to feel that they were right and there could be no compromise with wrong. Last time they were here they agreed that the war was a contest between principles rather than between men. If they had stayed out of the service they would have been so disappointed they might have lost heart and become

worthless. Pap had told them time after time about how all the boys of war age in the family had always been soldiers, and it seemed to nettle them that they remained at home even after the first call."

"I assume whatever blame attaches to that, for it is true," Joseph McKindrey said, taking up the thread of his wife's conversation. "I suppose we are going through the experiences common to all families of staunch blood since men were first organized into even the lowest form of government. There is one lesson in it all I wish our people would take to heart, and that is the priceless value of citizenship. Sometimes it seems to me that citizenship is bartered away, and that it is going to unworthy people upon some kind of terms that binds them to the allegiance of those who make the grant. When citizens become blind in their fidelity to particular men of particular interests, public questions which depend upon the ballot for solution are not solved patriotically, but according to prejudice or barter. It looks to me like that was wrong. But there is one splendid comfort: Charles has made a record of which we may all be proud. Daughter, bring me that letter again and let me read it once more."

Susan laid aside her work and going to the cupboard produced a letter which she handed to her father and which he read as follows:

"On the Rapidan, Nov. 27, 1864.

"Dear Pap and Mother and those at home:

"I write to let you know how I am coming on and to send for your keeping the enclosed record of the department showing that Congress has awarded me the medal of honor, and to let you know that I am

now a regular commissioned major. I can tell you without being immodest that I have again been promoted on the field of battle, my first promotion, as you know, being from sergeant to captain. I retain the badge sent me with these papers. I have my name engraved on the back of it and wear it all the time, but beneath my blouse. We are constantly closing in on the enemy, and it seems to me the war will soon be over. You can rest assured I will hurry home as soon as I am mustered out. How are all of you and how are things getting along? I was very sorry to hear of the death of Cecelia's mother, and have so written her. Poor girl, she has no end of trouble. I suppose her brothers both perished, as I understand they are never heard from. Her father's health, she writes, is not good. I shall be home before long, and then I hope her burdens will be lightened and her life made happier. We are expecting some hard work and everybody is ready for it.

"With affection, as ever,

"Charles McKindrey."

And here is the record he sent with the letter:

"S. O. Sharp, Maj. Gen.

"Sir: I have the honor to advise you that, upon your recommendation approved by this department and the President, Congress has awarded the medal of honor to Maj. Charles McKindrey of the 61st infantry, under your command. The badge suitably engraved is this day transmitted under separate cover. I have, sir, the further honor to approve your action, and I am directed by the President to express to you his approbation also, in promoting Major McKindrey

from the rank of captain for distinguished bravery on the field of battle. I enclose for Major McKindrey a duplicate of this order.

"I have the honor, sir, to be your obedient servant,

"D. E. Lane,
"Secretary."

"My sons were not accomplished in many things, but what they could do they did well. I taught them always to be earnest. They were useful men and so I'm proud of my boys, all of them, but what else was to be expected of sons whose mother comes from the old Revolutionary stock? Her folks have a war record good as that of my own family, the one from Virginia, the other from Carolina, and I expect our family, distant, is furnishing as good men from the South as we are from the North. But I do wonder why the Southerners couldn't have seen their mistake. This great northwest territory is filling up with liberty-loving white men from the old world. They are not only opposed to slavery as a matter of principle, but from a selfish point of view they would never consent to giving up a part of our great fertile west to anybody but men who build homes. Slavery belongs to an age and civilization that has long past, and from any point of view it does seem to me the people of the South ought to have taken a view of the question that would have made war unnecessary. But they were prejudiced, and when men get that way they can't do their duty as citizens patriotically. So it seems to me that, however bravely they may fight and however heroic they may be in their sacrifice, they must go down into history as a people who were mistaken in their judgment, and who did not do what was best for humanity and civilization."

"You ought to show that to Mr. Elsworth, Pap," said his daughter Susan.

"Perhaps so," replied her father, "but John is having so much trouble I don't like to go to him with things that show comfort in the lives of other people. Of course he is interested in Charles on account of Cecelia, but I reckon Cecelia knows all about this. The good qualities of Charles are not any better shown in his soldier record than they are in his choice of Cecelia Elsworth for his intended wife. In that respect the boy has not only followed the footsteps of his father but of his two brothers, for I want to say to both of you, Jennie and Polly, that mother and I were not only glad when you came into our family by marriage with our sons, but that your good qualities have been proven to us in a new way by your management of your affairs and the raising of your children since your husbands went away. But coming back to John Elsworth—poor fellow, he is in such bad luck: Lost his wife, his own health is gone, and then his barns with all their contents, including live stock, burned. He has put a mortgage on his farm for $1,000, and has agreed to pay it in gold."

"Where in the world will that man find gold enough to pay back all that money in gold?" asked Phoebe McKindrey.

"So I was asking him," responded Joseph. "He says he borrowed it at the county seat from a man named Honeyman, and he says to me the gold clause really don't mean anything but that it was being put into all notes nowadays as a testimonial to the nation's integrity and as an expression of confidence in the government and to uphold its honor. He said to me, 'McKindrey, what does thee think of that?' And I said to him, 'Elsworth, over our way we've been doing

what we could to hold up the credit and honor of the government, but we haven't been doing it back here at home by signing notes to pay in gold when there is no gold to be had for love or money.' He told me he felt uneasy about the matter because Honeyman seemed to want for himself everything in sight. Elsworth asked me if I ever saw an honest man of that turn, and I told him Christ kept other company than with money-changers, and that I had found that what was good enough for the son of God was good enough for me. I have given right smart of thought to what Elsworth told me. We agreed that the best testimonial a man could give to his country's institutions was to live a correct private life. I allowed to him that there must be some kind of chicanery in having him sign that sort of a note for reasons of the like he mentioned. I said to him at the time that gold and silver did not depend for value on the credit of the country but that paper money did, and that it looked to me like a mighty poor testimonial not to accept the country's credit, especially when it was in trouble. I thought Honeyman surely had no confidence in the nation's integrity or else he believed the government was likely to be destroyed. It was either one or the other of these reasons or rascality on his part. Since then I've turned the matter over in my mind considerably and the more I think on it the more fixed I get that what I said was correct. It's a mighty risky thing to put confidence in a man whose actions are at cross-purposes with his words. But as Elsworth said, it's a hard task for a man to stand against a noble sentiment even when it is put forth falsely. Elsworth showed me a bill of particulars of expenses, as he called it, the fellow had against him, and it had an item of one dollar for writing a note, and when I saw that I said to him, 'By

Jewstifier, Elsworth, that man is a scoundrel, and the law will overtake him some day.' Elsworth is in bad health and much discouraged, and that kind of a man is a poor trader. Phoebe, is this the night for winding the clock?"

"Yes, father: this is the eighth day. I was thinking of it this afternoon," his wife replied.

Joseph McKindrey performed the domestic duty of winding the old eight-day clock. He looked at its hands as they indicated the hour; took a small shovel and covered the glowing fire with a blanket of ashes, and turning toward the children at their play told them it was time to retire. Then all knelt at their chairs, the children beside their parents, and Joseph McKindrey prayed:

"Our Heavenly Father, give power to our feeble lips to express our adoration of Thee. May everlasting glory be Thine: May Thy teachings and Thy fellowship extend over all the earth, beneath, and the heavens above. Glory be to God! Grant Thy bounty to us in the fullest measure as Thou seest our needs. Forbear with us in all our shortcomings and give us Thy grace to forbear with our fellowmen. We beseech Thy eternal guidance whether beside the still waters, or within the quiet fields or in the busy ways of the world. Shield us from sin and conceal temptations from our sight.

"In the great conflict that now involves the life and the well being of our nation let Thy mercy be upon us all. God grant that the liberties of men may know not any bondage save to Thee! Consecrate the arms of our soldiers to Thy cause. Hasten, O God! the ending of this dreadful war and settle it upon the basis of liberty to all men and justice to posterity. Restore husbands to their wives; fathers to their children;

sons to their parents; brothers to their fellow-children, and endow the leaders of our nation with wisdom and conscience to conserve the work of our soldiers upon lines which shall insure to us all eternal and universal justice, a free, united and happy people. And may we be, oh, Heavenly Father, qualified in our hearts to pray as Thy Holy Son has taught us to pray."

The homely invocation was closed with the utterance of the Lord's prayer, in which, following the venerable custom of the fireside, all the family, even to the lisping children, joined, for the children of Joseph McKindrey were taught to fear the wrath of God and to love His mercy.

CHAPTER X.

The Translation of Cecelia Elsworth.

Many gables broke the roof of dark blue slate and the metal gutters at the eaves caught and retained myriads of leaves that fell from the broad boughs of the giant forest trees that grew densely around the old brick house in which Felix Honeyman resided. At the front, the house facing east, there was a long, narrow porch dark with the shade of vines and the foliage of shrubbery; and so of a porch at the south. Walks toward the east and toward the south entrances both were spiral, so that through the dense undergrowth of shrubs and vines a view of the house was impossible from either the street at the east or the one at the south. A high fence of great, iron bars, pike-shaped, enclosed the premises, and served as warning that the owner was content within himself and did not seek the comradeship of men.

To the rear of the house the space was more open, and numerous arbors of grapes and clusters of fruit-bearing bushes made it possible for an occasional ray of sunshine to reach the earth. To the south and west of the residence was a lattice summer house thatched with bark and covered with dense growth of vines. To the rear of the house and on the alley was the barn, which contained aloft the quarters of the man servant. All in all, from its external view

the place was dark and forboding, and the impression it thus created was not removed within by all the rich furnishings, rare laces and tapestry, the villous covering of costly rugs, and the massive furniture with which the house was supplied to a degree superfluous.

A man and woman, she with a large valise, stood upon the side porch. The woman wore the plain garb of a Quakeress including a poke bonnet, all of drab woolen cloth. Presently, the door opened softly and the couple entered.

"Mrs. Honeyman, this is Cecelia Elsworth, the young woman from Cold Creek Crossing, about whom I spoke to you," said Felix Honeyman, presenting Cecelia Elsworth to his wife.

"Cecelia, I am very glad you have accepted Mr. Honeyman's offer to make your home with us," said Mrs. Honeyman, approaching Cecelia and extending both hands. "I am sure you will like it here. It is much more pleasant to live in the city than to be secluded from all life, as you were in the country."

"I thank you," answered Cecelia, accepting both hands and looking earnestly into the face of her newly formed acquaintance. "I thank you. I—I—hope so; though I like the country. You know I was fetched up there. Anyhow, I shall never forget it. I don't know anything about city ways. Mother, when she lived, told me there are so many people in cities who were designing and not to be trusted, that I'm afraid."

"My dear child, you should get over all that," Mrs. Honeyman said, as she advanced and embraced Cecelia. "Your mother, precious soul, was a country woman used to quiet life and plain people."

"Yes, to plain people," Cecelia answered, with the inflection of one who concurs in an opinion. "She

was brought up in the Friends Church and so was father, and all the rest of us, too."

"The rest of you!" interrupted Mrs. Honeyman, with an expression of surprise, and she, turning to her husband, said: "Why, Mr. Honeyman, I understood you to say Cecelia was the only member of the family living since her father's death."

"Yes, my dear, I so understood," Honeyman answered, as he looked quizically at Cecelia with a succession of stealthy glances.

"Yes, I'm all now," Cecelia said. "My brothers both went to the war, then my mother died. And my brothers are both gone, too. Then my father passed away; so I'm all. I was going to Mr. McKindrey's to live when Mr. Honeyman coaxed me to come here for the year of my redeemer, whatever that is."

"For the year of your redemption, Cecelia, of the homestead from the sheriff's sale," said Felix Honeyman to the girl. Then turning to his wife he addressed her: "You see, Cecelia's father borrowed some money from me, and to secure its payment mortgaged me his little farm up in the country. The transaction was one in gold. One of the consequences of the war has been a premium on gold of nearly three to one. Mr. Elsworth was in poor health at the time, and when the first interest coupon fell due he was unable to meet it. In fact he died soon afterwards, and much against my wishes and to my great regret, I was obliged to foreclose the mortgage and take in the farm. Cecelia had no definite arrangements, but was being cared for by some good country folk when I persuaded her to come and live with us at least for the year of redemption. I told her if she was here where I could advise her, I might be better enabled to show her some way in which she could raise

the $1,500 in gold for which the farm may be redeemed within one year from the sheriff's sale. She is a very nice little girl. She is fairly well educated for one of her chances; knows about housework and needle-work, and will be a good companion for Felicity and Hector and quite serviceable to you, my dear."

While Felix Honeyman spoke, two children entered and giving them one of his glances, Honeyman said: "Cecelia, this is my daughter, Felicity," concurrently pushing her forward with his hands on her shoulders; "and this is my son, Hector," he continued after he had pushed Felicity forward and had returned for a like procedure with his son. "Felicity will be with us a few years," he went on to say, "and then we expect to send her abroad for her finishing education and Hector is going to be with me in the banking business some day; aren't you, son?"

Honeyman suited his actions to the paternal tone of his speech and placing his hand on the child's head turned his face upwards as if to read an answer in the boy's face. But reading the answer was not necessary, for the boy said: "Yes, Pop, and then we'll make lots of money, won't we, Pop?"

"Felicity, you may show Cecelia to her room," said Honeyman, with apparent effort to minimize the painful effect of the boy's answer. Hector followed the girls as they retired and Felix Honeyman continued to converse with his wife.

"The Elsworth farm, my dear, is one of the best in the country," he said, "and I am getting it at a very great bargain; so great, indeed, that I really doubt my ability to put my purchase through. It has entirely new buildings for the housing of stock, implements and grain. Indeed, all the money I loaned

this girl's father, with perhaps as much more out of his own means, went to replacing structures accidently destroyed by fire, perhaps from the railroad, though the source of the fire can't be definitely traced. The farm joins on the west the O'Donnell farm, which I had bought in for me at my sale as administrator, and for which I now have a deed."

"Don't worry, my dear, you will succeed," his wife responded, with as much assurance as modulation could give to words.

"I hope so. But I have to watch my every step and turn and nurse so many people. If the court should learn what was done in the O'Donnell matter nothing but my good reputation could save us. Two of the largest claimants against the estate were clerks in my office, and others were improvident clients who were under obligation to me. I can only hope to keep them all in ignorance of what it was they did when they made the claims against the estate and assigned them to me. It has caused me sleepless nights, but the end justifies the means and all's well that ends well."

Stepping forward, Mrs. Honeyman placed her arms about her husband and kissed him, and then in convincing tones she said: "You will succeed, my dear. Be of brave heart, artful conduct and constant purpose."

With so simple a formula, stated by a beautiful woman, whose voice was music and whose desires were an inspiration to her husband; whose faculty of statement required not the force of logic to convince his understanding, he epitomized all his conclusions and expressed all his intents with a sigh. And then he added: "I regret that Hector, precious child, is not old enough to be instructed in financiering! What a capital lesson these deals would furnish him."

"But his mother is old enough," Mrs. Honeyman spoke beseechingly, "I should know for his welfare and, should anything happen to you."

"Very true," he replied. "It was this way, my dear: When O'Donnell died he was known to have some money in his possession. He had come to me a time or two before the breaking out of the war and exchanged currency for gold, so, I surmised that the money he had, or at least a part of it, was in gold. I had myself appointed administrator of his estate and, sure enough, he had left $1,000 in gold, with some odds and ends in currency. I took the money, of course, and reported the personal estate he had left including $1,000 in money. I looked the farm over and its value impressed me. I found O'Donnell's signature to a number of papers and, of course, it was not hard to affix it to some notes payable at different country banks whose blanks I fortunately possessed. He left no wife, and his children were too small to know anything about his affairs.

"These notes were filed as claims against his estate. I reported to the court that I was unable to find any set-offs or receipts of payment against any of the notes, and the court allowed the claims as debts against the estate. The medical bills of his last illness and his funeral expenses amounted to some $200, and they, of course, being open accounts were proven up. The judgments thus rendered against the estate amounted to some $2,500. The court ordered the sale of the farm to pay the debts. I reported to the court that some of the creditors were hard pressed and that, with the court's consent, I would, with my own means, discount the judgments and allow the estate to have the benefit of the discounts. The judge complimented me from the bench on my foresight and my fidelity to

my trust, and entered an order that I should take over the judgments. This, of course, was only a confirmation of my title to the claims which had in fact been assigned to me without cost before they were filed in court.

"I sold O'Donnell's $1,000 in gold for $2,600 and accounted to the court for $1,000 in money; sold the farm for $1,500 to pay the deficiency due on the claims; had the farm bought in for me by a friend, and so I got the farm for nothing, with a handsome margin over to myself. It was out of my profit in the sale of that gold that I got the $1,000 to loan Elsworth, this girl's father, when I took the mortgage on his farm. The Elsworth note was made payable in gold with ten per cent interest. The interest fell due every six months, and on the default of a payment of interest I had the right to foreclose as to the entire debt. That's the way I got the Elsworth farm."

"Oh, my dear, how shrewd," said Mrs. Honeyman rapturously. "What harm can come to us from all that! Was not everything according to law?"

"Yes, according to law, as the law reads," Honeyman answered, "but the law is a strange thing, and it is not so much what the law means to a layman as it is to those who read it in the light of jurisprudence that bothers me. You see, as trustee of O'Donnell's estate, the law would make me account to the O'Donnell children for all the profit I made on the gold and the forged claims. I thank fortune the forgeries are now outlawed, so I could not be prosecuted criminally, but I could be forced to make restitution and my fees disallowed. If all this were done the O'Donnell children instead of owning no farm would be in a fair way to own two farms. At least I should have to deed back to them their farm and make restitution

of at least $2,400 in money in fact, all but the expenses of his last illness and burial. My good reputation, therefore, stands me in hand greatly—even as much as my foresight.

"Because of that, I was so highly pleased when I was made a delegate to the general conference of our church and a representative to the supreme lodge of my fraternal orders. The profit on gold and the corresponding depreciation in property values depends upon a continuation of the war and the constant arising of vexatious political and economic questions. These matters are of great moment to me. Indeed at the conference, as I approached the delivery of my address, I doubted my own sanity in proposing that the church, emblematic of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men, should be segregated by politics and the parcels allotted according to the sordid interests of men. And when my conclusions were received with approbation the doubt that had possessed me changed its habiliments and appeared to me as an inquiry: Isn't the church an organ for the performance of economic functions? Whatever doubts possessed me were divided between answering that inquiry and in finding a suitable response for a question that arose within my own mind: How many of these delegates stand at my view-point in looking at this question.

"And so with my experiences at the supreme lodges of my fraternal orders. Money controls everything, my darling, and the desire for it is insatiate. The thirsts, the appetites, the cravings of men all may be satisfied except the desire for money. While other passions may desist this one still clamors. To me the future appears as a great light, illuminating lessons and revealing opportunities, and so I hope, not only

that the war will continue for a long time, but that after it is over prejudices may be kept alive between the two sections of the country, for there are so many economic matters we can more easily arrange if the attention of the people is distracted to other subjects, and they are not permitted to look upon their interests as mutual. It shall be my hope and labor for years to prolong these opportunities for successful speculation. If I retain my good reputation the people will heed me when I decry worldliness and appeal to patriotism. Patriotism! what a potential shibboleth and how little understood! What a mantle it is for economic sin and social obliquity! To confide it all to you, my darling, the only assets required by a shrewd man are a good reputation for himself and ignorance on the part of those with whom he deals."

"Well, I suppose you are correct in all this, but do you know, my dear, I don't understand a word of what you've told me." Mrs. Honeyman spoke in tones of despair.

"But you should, my darling. You should know these things not only for the proper raising of our children in the event I should pass away, but you should know them as a wife."

"Where do they enter into our domestic relations? Do not I confide everything to you?"

"Yes, darling, and in your particular case it may be well to do so, for it relieves you of the worry that possesses me. Many wives absolve themselves from that form of worry while they invite a greater one—the loss of their husbands to other women. But I do not like other women. I won't have them about me or in my service. They demand too much money. Some women are self-reliant; they have a personality of their own. Often they enter into the life of a man

whose wife is so unified with her husband that she has become a negligible quantity, and she loses those qualities which were her primary attraction. The only tie that binds in such cases is the contract of marriage, and few contracts are ever performed if their duration is one of years. The true lodestone for a wife is her individual femininity. Of course, I do not take into account those wedlocks which are hasty and formed solely on passions."

"How exciting! Why, dear, life ought to be one protracted romance! I am sure you will bring to Felicity and Hector the gratification of all that their precious hearts desire. As to myself, I wish the chance to participate in a woman's part in those plans and purposes by which you strive to attain your ends. Is there no feminine part to play in them?"

"Most assuredly. There's a female part in every tragedy of life."

"And may I not play that part? Perhaps I shall not be skillful, but I am willing."

"Then help me to dispose of this girl."

"Have you a purpose, darling, in bringing this girl Cecelia to live with us?"

"All things must be done to a purpose if one would be successful. As to Cecelia, her presence here is but a part in a most important plan. Anyone with capital would gladly loan her three times the amount necessary to redeem the farm from us. She could sell the place for five times the amount at which we are taking it in. If she were to marry, then her husband could borrow the money to pay us and in a short time could make off the the farm enough to pay the debt. So three things are necessary: We must keep her from those who have money to loan; we must keep her from those seeking good investments in the pur-

chases of property; we must prevent her marriage.

"I shall impatiently count the remaining months till the year goes by, and then if she is a burden to us we can turn her adrift. In the neighborhood of her old home she has many friends who would be willing to help her. One family, in particular, is dangerous to us. There is a farmer named McKindrey, lives up there who has some fine farms, some money and splendid credit. He is a sort of leader among the people of the neighborhood. He is just one of the kind to help the girl redeem the farm if he knew the facts and she were to ask him for help. We must keep him in ignorance; we must keep Cecelia here. She doesn't know what good treatment is in the city. She is used to hard work and more or less privation. I shall depend upon you to pacify her to her new situation. Hold out a bright future to her, but let it be only the future that offers promise. A mirage, my dear, is a beautiful thing to pursue, yet these who pursue them perish."

"Trust to me, dear," said Mrs. Honeyman as she embraced her husband and kissed him, and then, with an apparent effort to assay the role she had assumed, she asked: "But who is this man McKindrey? Mr. O'Donnell died, and I have heard you say he was a very rugged Irishman. Mr. Elsworth died and you have told me that he was a sturdy man of quiet ways who led a plain life. Perhaps this man McKindrey may soon pass away too."

"I hope so, but I fear not. He is a big raw-boned fellow, inured to hardships and I imagine you couldn't kill him if you tried to do so. They tell me he goes in all kinds of weather; that he doesn't know the meaning of exposure; that he will sit up all night to nurse the afflicted or to attend those in bereavement;

that he always has his own work so well in hand he can help a neighbor who falls behind; that he keeps his neighbors supplied with field seed when theirs run out; that he settles many of their disputes; that he is a good counsellor and in addition to all these qualities he holds their sympathy because he has only one arm. Let me relate a little experience I once had with him, to illustrate his qualities. I had called at his place and learned that he was at his barn, where I might see him. At his barn I found him crushing feed for a toothless old mare. There were a number of magnificent horses in his stable. Thinking to amuse myself at his expense I smiled and asked him the price at which he would sell me the old mare. I can never efface from my recollection the gleam of resentment that flashed from his eye when he answered that she was the highest priced animal in the barn and that I hadn't money enough to buy her. Thinking I might have offended him, I said that I was not familiar with either the qualities or values of horses and that I should like for him to explain why her worth was greater than that of his other horses. His reply was that money could not buy her because of her many long years of faithful service to him. 'This farm,' he said, 'never sells an old horse nor turns it out to die.'"

"How strange!"

"Yes, it is. They call him the Weatherbeaten Man. He seems to be proof to any sort of criticism as well as to any sort of hardship. Even the criticism that lies against some of his political belief fails as against him. He is a Cockscomb politically. His neighbors say he believes in the freedom of all men and in equality before the law, and that he doesn't believe one man is good enough to own another or to even govern him without his consent. They say his family

reading is the Bible, the Declaration of Independence, the lives of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson, and one of the agricultural papers."

"Maybe if he lost one arm he might get into another accident and lose the other arm, or worse."

"No such hope. He didn't lose his arm in an accident, but on the battle-field of Monterey. He was quite a young man when the war with Mexico began. He entered at once, and they tell me that he has an admirable soldier record. He has three sons, and all of them have gone as soldiers in the present war. Two of them have lost their lives; the other, an impudent young fellow, is still at the front. I learn that he has been twice promoted in the field of battle for distinguished bravery, and I noticed in the newspapers a few days ago that Congres had awarded him the medal of honor, the greatest prize a soldier can reecive. Under the circumstances it is difficult to arouse any prejudice against the old man among those who know him. So, you see, it is all important that you take care of this girl; lull her into a feeling of security; keep her from her friends. At the first indications of her marriage, make her marriage impossible."

Whether the womanly impulses of Mrs. Honeyman rebelled, or whether she was surfeited with instructions was not made clear by her conduct when, with the air of one who has a purpose, she arose, kissed her husband and retired from the room, saying as she withdrew, "Trust to me, my dear."

CHAPTER XI.

Perils Beset Cecelia.

"Isn't it a jolly little place?" said Felicity after she had thrown wide open the door, stepped toward the rear of the room and turned her face to Cecelia who was in the act of setting down her valise.

"You know, Cecelia, I enjoy looking into other people's back yards," Felicity continued, unmindful of the survey the newcomer was taking of the apartments. "You see so many funny things and learn how other people really live. See that old fat lady pushing a wheelbarrow full of roots."

Suiting her act to her invitation Felicity took Cecelia's arm and led her to the small high window beneath the rear gable of the roof at the end of the room. "I know her. She likes flowers and is putting away her flower bulbs for the winter. And see that old man with a hen in his hand; he's fastening her up in a coop."

Cecelia and Felicity looked alternately through the little window the radius of which was so small both could not stand in front of it at the same time. Cecelia's glance was but momentary, yet it took in a view of the surroundings. Stepping aside, that Felicity might again enjoy herself at the outlook, and proceeding to remove her bonnet and coat, Cecelia answered: "My mother liked flowers and she took care

of them that way, too, and I used to help her, too. Some day when I get the farm back again you can come out to see me, and I'll show you some of the flowers mother planted and give you some of them to bring home if you like flowers, for they are very pretty. They are precious to me, too, and I can show you some mother taught me to plant and care for. They are interesting to me, but they are not so dear as the flowers that passed through mother's hands. Father used to tend to the chickens, too. Maybe that man is putting the hen in the coop for dinner tomorrow, and maybe he's putting her in there to keep her from setting. You know hens sit on their eggs three weeks and hatch little chickens, and when winter is coming on so that little chickens would freeze in cold weather they fasten up the hens so they won't hatch any more."

"No! Do they? How jolly!" Felicity as she spoke turned from the window to watch Cecelia unpack her valise and put away her belongings, a valued part of which appeared to be a small bundle of letters tied together with tiny ribbons of pink and blue. These letters she counted and recounted; then placed them in a deeper recess of her valise and when she perceived Felicity surveying them, remarked, "I'm so glad I'm here where I can rest. I feel so worried—not just now, but I have been."

"Letters?" inquired Felicity, disregarding the attempt to divert her attention.

"Yes," answered Cecelia shyly.

"Got a beau?"

"I have a friend. Maybe he'll be my beau some day. I don't hear from him very often. He's far, far away from here."

"How jolly! Let me read them?"

Cecelia concealed the package with some other trinkets, saying: "They are the only things I have left in the way of old time company. Nobody ever saw them but Father. Of course Mother saw what of them I got before she died. I never let anybody see them, and he doesn't let the boys see mine either."

"How jolly! Tell me his name?"

"Maybe some day. Do you say your prayers?"

"At church."

"The spirit moves me now to say mine. Will you join me, or would you rather go out?"

"Oh, how jolly! No, I'll stay! I'll run down and tell Mama." Felicity darted out the door and dissappeared, while Cecelia, softly closing the door behind the fleeing girl knelt and, lifting her hands and face in supplication, said in soft, sweet tones:

"O God: Will You come now to comfort Your helpless child? I know I am not as good as You would have me be, but I feel so lonesome and uneasy in this strange place. Thou hast said no sparrow falleth without Thy knowledge, and so I know in all Thy wisdom Thou seeth me and knoweth my situation. Lead me and comfort me. Consecrate to my remembrance and impress upon my heart forever the sacred teachings of my precious mother, and father, too, and brothers, too. O, God, I am alone in this world except for Thee: Won't You be to me my support, my comfort and my father on this earth as in heaven? Teach me to know good from evil and give me strength to exercise the knowledge Thou bestoweth on me. Bless father and mother and brothers and Charley, and everybody for whom it is my duty to pray and make and keep me a good girl in Thy sight, O Holy Father in heaven. Amen."

Cecelia arose and standing silently in her place of

prayer said half-consciously: "Now if I could just cry I would feel much better, but I don't suppose they allow crying here. Oh, I wonder if they allow prayers?"

But her reverie was only for a moment. Suddenly the door was thrown open and Felicity entered, "Mama said it was all right for you to say your prayers. Are you through?"

"Yes. I haven't got any regular prayers. I just say what is in my heart."

"Oh how jolly! Mama says when you are done you can come downstairs and she will show you the house."

Cecelia had completed the work of placing her apparel in the little white wardrobe and the girls went at once to Mrs. Honeyman, to learn the house in which Cecelia was to make her home.

CHAPTER XII.

His Last Deed of Valor

The last month of winter had gone. A gentle south wind, fragrant with the breath of bursting buds and of early flowers, was barely perceptible. There had been little sleep. All night long the clatter of horses' hoofs, the clanking of side arms, the tramping to and fro of sentries, had broken the somber stillness of the fleeting hours. Here and there sat groups of soldiers idly chatting, while stretched upon the ground their comrades slept all in uniform; all under arms. In the small bank tent at regimental headquarters of the 61st infantry four officers sat at a little table. The hour of midnight had gone. Presently a horseman was heard as he pulled up his mount and alighted; the salute of the guard; an orderly entered; quickly brought his right hand to the visor of his cap and delivered a paper to Colonel Brooks, who had arisen to greet him.

In the dim, flickering light of a low burned candle the Colonel read the contents of the paper. Not a word was spoken. The officers sat silent and expectant. Finally the Colonel, tall and grave, turned toward his comrades and in a soft, low tone, whose modulations were even and tender, said: "Major McKindrey, there is to be a general advance of our corps at break of day this April 1st, an hour hence. Our brigade is to open the engagement. Your battalion is to proceed at once down the Peaks Hill road and hold the

bridge over Sandy Run. We are advised that the enemy has been at work on the opposite side of the stream at night, and it is possible they command the bridge with artillery. If you ascertain that to be true and the artillery is at close range, you may——"

"Capture the artillery, sir," said the Major, as he rose and saluted his superior officer.

"Use your discretion, Major," the Colonel answered. "The approach is along a narrow fill and not many men can move forward in column. The bridge may have been tampered with and we do not know its strength."

"We will deploy as much as possible and take whatever is there, Colonel, if you can arrange to help us hold it."

"Your men will lead the advance, Major. The remainder of the regiment will be but a short distance on your right flank, and will protect you there; the 116th is to support your left and reinforcements will be available quickly, but we hope you may not need them. We will come to your aid unless you return to us before we can reach you."

"Then, Colonel, we will look for you beyond the stream if the enemy is there."

"Good morning, Major!"

"Good morning, Colonel! Good morning, all!" Major Charles McKindrey departed from the tent. A moment later the noise of formation could be distinctly heard, and presently the cadence of marching troops.

The Pearks Hill road extended forward into the enemy's country at a right angle to the line of formation of the enemy. With similar highways at intervals of a mile or more, and on either side of it, the road might be compared with one of the cross bars of a great gridiron on the side lines of which were two vast armies of veteran soldiers, each bent on the

other's destruction. Sandy Run was a modest little river, too deep to be forded. In its general course it meandered from one side to the other of a fertile valley, ranging from a quarter to a half mile in width. This valley was encircled on either side with a range of hills terminating in table lands approximately two hundred feet in altitude above the bed of the stream. At the Peaks Hill road the stream hugged the hills to the east and south, leaving the expanse of valley wholly to the north and west. The east approach of the bridge was constructed in the hill sides at an elevation that had required a deep fill to be made at the opposite end, and this fill extended some eighty rods until it finally came to the level of the lowlands. From its east and south approach the road had exit through a defile some fifty feet in width, which turned at a sharp angle to the south, and thence curved with the meanderings of a small stream, and was soon lost to view from the bridge. The banks of this defile were studded with short, dense underbrush which extended to the hilltops and thence far beyond into the tablelands.

Gray streaks of light had begun to mark the eastern heavens when two horsemen rode down the Peaks Hill road almost to the bridge, where they dismounted. The one advanced on foot, entered the bridge and passed almost to its farther side when he stopped and carefully viewed the highway and the hills beyond. Then he returned to the horses. In the meantime the dark outlines of footmen some three feet apart and silently advancing were discernible. Some were in the beaten path of the highway, others were at the road-sides, while still others appeared in the valley at the foot of the hill. The atmosphere was laden with fog, which concealed the lowlands and all

but the summit of the hills. On returning to the horses he who had advanced spoke in low tones to his companion, saying:

"Sergeant, take this horse to the rear. It is an incumbrance here. As you pass through the lines inform the captains that the enemy is there; that breatworks are up, and it looks like a well fortified position held by infantry and artillery. Each captain should see to it that his men are prepared for a bayonet charge with loaded guns. Proceed as quietly and quickly as possible. Inform the captains that on your return to me with the word from them that all is ready, the charge will be made. Proceed, sir."

"Yes, Major," said the orderly, saluting as he rode away in a slow trot leading the extra horse through the ranks of the dimly outlined men, who stepped aside to give the horseman passage-way. The dim figures continued to advance. The bridge was reached and entered. Would the sergeant never return? Softly the tread of many men fell upon the clay-covered floor of the bridge. Figures were seen working their way up the sides of the fill from the lowland beneath. The distance between the figures diminished. There was no longer an intervening space of three feet but a dense, black mass, moving quietly. A company had crosed the bridge and their ranks expanded. Another company was upon the bridge. The third was about to enter. Suddenly out of the darkness a running footmen appeared. He stopped and saluted, and in low tones said: "Major, the captains report all's well."

Instantly the stillness was broken with a clear boyish voice so musical that it half sang the command:

"Double quick; charge bayonets."

There was a loud report of a single musket; a lull.

"Here with those colors, sergeant," again rang out the boyish voice, followed instantly by the shrill blast of a bugle.

Out from the furrowed hills beyond the bridge came the accepted challenge:

"Fire low: fire."

A withering flame of musketry belched forth. There was a slight recoil in the advancing column. The colors had crossed the bridge.

"On to their breastworks! give them hell! give them hell!" could be heard in the tones of that boyish voice above the momentary lull of battle. A cheer burst forth, followed with deeper reverberations of musketry and cheers again. Back from the lowlands cheer responded to cheer in advance, and on the distant hills to the rear were heard the notes of buglers. The joints of the old bridge creaked; its timbers bent beneath the tread of troops. From the east the very earth seemed flowing with flame and the bedlam of arms. From the angles of the hillside and from the front came the concurrent voices of thunder from cannon loaded with grape and cannister. Cheer followed cheer, mingled with the din of musketry and the deafening sound of artillery. Great clouds of smoke filled the narrow defile, to be borne northward by the gentle breeze. Farther to the east came the cheers again. The flash of musketry was less visible. The great field-pieces in the defile ceased to hurl their charges.

Up the hillside to the right and to the left went the scene of battle. The top timbers of the old bridge began to fall one by one, but the floor remained intact. On came advancing soldiers. Dawn broke upon the scene. The folds of the stars and stripes fluttered on the enemy's breastworks. Behind them, it was conflict hand to hand. The cannon that had emitted such

terrible destruction were turned and spiked. Everywhere lay the dead and dying. Down the crooked road from the east, over the summits of the hills, came reinforcements. Out from the lowlands to the west and the table-lands beyond, came fresh troops also. It was charge against charge. Within and without the breastworks battle raged, and from far beyond the thunder of distant conflict rolled. Moments passed into hours. The midday sun had reached its zenith and gone beyond. The sounds of battle came from points the enemy had held at dawn, telling of troops withdrawn to hasten to the bloody angle. And thus it went till twilight came.

Fragments of the gallant 61st assembled on the western hills, whence it had emerged at dawn. Had they, alone been repulsed? Let those who will, call it repulse. The valorous charge of the 61st and its dogged battle had all but cut the enemy in twain. Regiment after regiment had been withdrawn by the enemy from other places to defend the vital spot at the bloody angle. The lines of battle had been changed, and when the starlight of heaven came it was met with the starlight of the old flag as its folds spread in many strong positions the enemy had held the night before.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Some Little Miss Yank, I Reckon."

Decimated ranks and new positions attended every regiment on the morning of April 2. The day broke with a misty rainful, which at later intervals assumed the magnitude of storms. Quarters were wet, campfires difficult to maintain and mud and water were everywhere. Roll calls disclosed the names of those who were absent. Often the survivors were able to tell what had become of their missing comrades. The valley of Sandy Run, its eastern buttress of hills. and the table lands at their summit were scenes of dismal activity. Ambulances hastened to and fro in the removal of wounded men. Soldiers with picks and shovels were engaged, here and there, in the construction of trenches, while their comrades with stretchers, variously improvised, were removing the dead for burial.

The 33d North Carolina, a hungry, haggard looking lot they were, had been thus engaged for some time when their colonel, a gaunt and grizzled veteran, whose carriage indicated that he once possessed a sinewy frame, caused them to cease their work near the fragmentary parapet at the point of the bloody angle for further orders. He retired at once from the scene, and presently appeared at the headquarters of his brigade. There he saluted an officer, younger, taller than himself, and whose bearing was agile and

athletic, whose light auburn hair grown long and whose full reddish beard were evidence of a sanguinary temperament that seemed to belie the kindly expression of his light blue eyes, and on whose shoulders were the epaulets of a brigadier-general.

"Gen. Murphy, I have the honor to report to you the finding of a medal of honor on the bosom of the major who led the assault on our works at the angle, which, sir, I now deliver to you," said Col. Hill.

"Thank you, Colonel," the general responded as he took the highly coveted emblem in his hand and turning it over read on its reverse side the inscription:

MAJOR CHARLES McKINDREY,
For Heroic Bravery on the Rapidan
61st Infantry, U. S. A.

A startled expression possessed the general. He paused in a command he was about to give, and in an audible reverie softly uttered the words: "Charles McKindrey! Major?" with a rising inflection on the last word. He again read the inscription: "Major Charles McKindrey; for heroic bravery on the Rapidan; 61st Infantry, U. S. A.," and continued his reverie: "Samuel, James and Charles! Charles was the young one. He once saved the lives of me and my crew. But he was a mere boy. It can't be he?"

Turning quickly from his meditation, the general saluted his guest: "Col. Hill, have the remains of these men yet been buried?"

"Not all of them, General. Our men are exhausted, the few of them who are able for duty. As you know, ours is the only position we held yesterday."

"Can you direct me to the remains of the major from which this badge was taken?"

"To his trunk only, General. His lower extremities were blown away; also his sword arm. He carried the flag in his left hand and planted it on our works at our first repulse. Just after that he was struck. I'll show you what's left of his remains."

Gen. Murphy gave some directions to his orderly and retired with Col. Hill. In a few moments the two reached the place where the body lay. The upturned face was blanched; the eyes were without luster; the capless head was densely covered with dark brown hair grown so long that locks of it, fallen over his forehead, seemed to try to shield the features from the pitiless storm.

"This is the place and these are the remains as they fell within our works, General," the colonel said with a color of reverence in his voice.

"And this the man who led the charge that turned our lines of battle!" exclaimed the general.

"The same, General. He raised all kinds of hell with us. If they had held what he gained they would have cut us in two and might have destroyed the army."

"A mere boy!" the general soliloquized.

"A mere boy but a brave soldier, General. A braver soldier never wore the old uniform; yet his comrades were like him. We have cared for their wounded, General."

"Men like these merit the kindest treatment at your hands, Colonel. Suspend the burial of these dead. They deserve more decent sepulture than we can give them here. Where did he wear his medal of honor?"

"Here, General, pinned through the pocket of his shirt."

The two officers stooped beside the remains. Gen.

Murphy inserted his fingers into the pocket and withdrew a small tintype and as he arose he said: "Ah, I see. A woman's picture. He secured it in his pocket by the pinning of his medal of honor. Some little Miss Yank, I reckon. A tintype cracked and worn! A crude affair! Face side of it to his bosom! And name scratched on the back of it. What!"

The general halted. He removed his hat and read the words:

Miss Cecelia Elsworth,
Cold Creek Crossing, Indiana.

The general turned the picture and looked at the face. Col. Hill and the orderly removed their hats, following the action of their superior. The general's reverie continued. The silence became painful. Finally the general in Murphy's uniform gave way and the man, living in the noble inspiration of humane ideals, spoke: "By G——, Col. Hill, the remains of this man are going to be sent back North if I have to resign to take them. I shall have orders for you soon."

Col. Hill stood mute with amazement. He had long known Murphy. They had served together in many engagements. The general was regarded as a rigid disciplinarian, yet kind to the men beneath him. He was charitable in dealing with shortcomings when persuaded that they arose out of human frailty. He was relentless in dealing with those perversely wrong. Whatever variation there might have been in his conduct thus viewed objectively there had never been any deviation displayed with respect to his self-control and the mastery of his emotions until now.

Half an hour later Gen. Murphy entered the quar-

ters of the commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces. His superiors arose to greet him. Gen. Todd spoke with the ardor of one brought face to face with a pleasant duty or the realization of a cherished desire, saying:

"Gen. Murphy, I am very glad you came, sir; very glad indeed. We have just been going over the terrible results of yesterday's engagements and are recharting the locations of our forces and the enemy's new positions. In it all there is one bright spot—the heroic defense of the bridge at Peak's Hill road by Murphy's brigade. But for your distinguished generalship and the valor of your men we should have been cut in two and ruined. I cannot describe to you, sir, my state of mind when the report came that you had been driven from your works, nor can I portray the joy that came to me when I learned that you had retaken your first position. God alone knows what the result would have been had the enemy held the advantage they gained at their first assault on your works. We should certainly have been cut in two and suffered an irretrievable loss, not merely to our arms on this field but possibly our cause should have perished. I am very glad to inform you that I have already recommended your services as worthy of distinguished recognition by our government."

Gen. Murphy stood at rapt attention. If the pleasant emotions of those who greeted him struck a responsive chord in his heart, his face did not disclose it. Pale and resolute are the words alone sufficient to describe his features, and the lines were rigid which ordinarily flexed to situations that were agreeable. He glanced at his superior to assure himself that the last word had been spoken, lifted his hat and bowed and then in tones, ill-fitted to the greeting he had received,

he said: "I thank you, General Todd. but I am here, sir, on another mission. I have the honor to report to you that I have suspended the burial of the dead within our lines at Sandy Run bridge on the Peak's Hill road. It is the sense of your officers of the line, sir, that such heroic courage as the enemy displayed is worthy at least of truce whereby the remains of these men may be delivered at once to their comrades for such disposal as they may deem proper to make. I, therefore, recommend to you that under a flag of truce arrangements be made for the delivery of these dead. Not only was the courage that they displayed of the most heroic order, sir, but from the bosom of the major who led the charge, whose peril you so keenly appreciate, has been taken this badge of the medal of honor, so that, sir, the command was one that not only displayed heroic bravery here, but it has a record for that kind of service."

"Gen. Murphy, your report is one that I am pleased to receive." As Gen. Todd gave utterance to these words, he spoke gravely and with no trace in his features of the lively emotions that had so recently possessed him. He continued: "Nothing is more worthy of a soldier's admiration than a courageous enemy. I shall forthwith send, under a flag of truce, my recommendation to the commander-in-chief of the enemy's forces, that special honors of war attend the burial of these heroic dead. As to the medal of honor, I shall not take it. No person within our lines can more worthily preserve it than you can."

CHAPTER XIV.

When Time and Space Intervene.

"I do wish Mr. Honeyman were at home. It's a week tomorrow since his departure. I do not know what to do nor what to say about his business and here's a lot more mail sent up from the office. Felicity, here is a letter for Cecelia. Take it to her room where she may read it when her work is done. Mind, now, I don't want her to stop to read it. I'm in a hurry to have the laundry work finished before luncheon." With these expressions Mrs. Honeyman handed the letter to her daughter.

"Yes, ma'am," Felicity answered as she took the letter and hastened upstairs to the little attic room Cecelia occupied. It was a half-story affair with plain white walls. The furniture was white and bore evidences of age. It consisted of a small bed, a locker and a washstand with one camp-rocker. Cecelia was doing some needle work when Felicity entered.

"Oh, you here? Mama said you were in the laundry. Here's a letter for you came in papa's mail. May I read it?"

"That isn't necessary," Cecelia answered, taking the letter. "You can tell your mama where I am."

Felicity retired and Cecelia, walking toward the window, said: "Yes, it's from Charley. Dear boy, he hasn't forgotten me but he doesn't write as often as he used to. How it brightens my dull life to get his

letters. I wonder if I could send him something good to eat. It just seems like my fingers never can open this letter. Now I have it. On Sandy Run, Virginia, March 31, 1865. Written only two days ago: but I must read:

"Dear Little Anyhow:—We're just as busy down here as hands in a hayfield when a storm's a-coming, but I have a chance to get a letter back to you, so I write a line to let you know I am sound as a bullet and then some. It's been a long time since I heard from you, but I reckon you write as often as you can. Soldier's mail isn't like mail at home. There is so much confusion here and we move so rapidly from one place to another that it's a wonder we ever get a letter, or if those to whom we write ever get a letter from us. We think we have the enemy cornered, and that neither of their armies will be able to reinforce the other. If we can hold our advantage the war won't last long, and then I will come home to claim the heart and hand of the little girl who is so dear and precious to me, and who has been my inspiration ever since I entered the service. And I can't tell you all that means.

"I wear my medal of honor pinned over the pocket in my shirt and in that pocket, right next to my heart and faced toward it, I carry all the time the little tintype you gave me. Fearing your picture might get lost, I scratched your name and address on the back of it. So, with that picture looking all the time right down into my heart, a soldier's life to me is as easy as leading a thirsty horse to water. I just wish I could write to you all that's in my heart, but I won't because your picture sees and knows and besides, this letter might get lost or fall into some other person's

hands, so it wouldn't do you any good and might embarrass me. I look at your picture whenever I can and some of the fellows tease me for that. When they catch me at it their by-word is 'the Major's roaming through his art gallery again.' Well, it is an art gallery to me, Cecelia. If you could only know how I act toward your picture you would know something of how dearly I love you and how happy I shall be when I get back home.

"By the way, I have some news for you: We capturned a bunch of Johnnies to-day, and they told me the commander of their brigade was Gen. Dan Murphy. Do you reckon it could be our old friend Dan? This is his neck o' woods down here. Wonldn't it be strange if he and I should meet. We'd be friends if we did. If he tried to be upish I'd show him your picture and I know he'd take his hat off to it. But formations are often changing here and if it was Danny he's apt to be on the far side of his army tomorrow. But I reckon it's some one else of the same name. If I could see him I'd try to find out what became of your brother Marion. Dan might know. There's one thing I've always done for you, Cecelia: Before we bury any Confederate dead, I always try to see their faces. I would know Marion, however much he might have changed, and we do change here with the rations and service we get and no barbers to keep our hair cut and our faces shaven. I see an orderly whipping up this way, so I'll close with a soldier's love and kisses to his little sweetheart, the dearest and best little girl in the world. Good-bye. Love to all. Good-bye.

"CHARLEY."

Cecelia sat in deep meditation. Then she kissed

the letter and gave expression to the dictates of her heart: "How happy I shall be when all this war is over. Anyhow, it's nice to know I have a good influence. I just know Charley is the best soldier in all the whole war. My! but I hope he never has to kill or hurt anybody. I don't see why they make fun of his looking at the picture, but I suppose it's just their way. If the war is over soon and Charley hasn't forgotten me when he comes back and we get married, maybe he would help me to redeem the farm. I know Mr. Honeyman would like Charley, and would be glad if Charley would help me redeem the farm, for Mr. Honeyman says he is very discouraged about it."

Cecelia paused in her reverie. She heard calling. She arose and opening her door, listened, then answered: "Yes, Mrs. Honeyman."

"Cecelia, have you finished the laundry work?"

"Yes, Mrs. Honeyman, and everything's put away. I will get luncheon in a few moments."

"Well, you failed to get Burley's clothing. He has a number of soiled garments and there is some mending to do for him. Come at once and heat some water and attend to these things and don't let an oversight of this kind occur again."

"Immediately," responded Cecelia. She put away her needle work and reflected that it would not be unreasonable for them to have Burley's work done by a woman of his own color. His clothing had such an offensive odor and he was so careless about himself. Besides, he acted so strangely when Cecelia went to his room at the barn to gather up his clothing that she was afraid of him. When he used to bring his clothing to the laundry room he did not act that way. But she supposed it was all right for her to go to his room for them. Mrs. Honeyman said it was and she

was a white woman and this was her home and she had a daughter. Mrs. Honeyman said she wanted Cecelia to go to Burley's room so she could inspect things and see that he kept his room in better order. But why all this? Perhaps Cecelia was ungrateful.

For more than six months Mr. Honeyman had been trying to raise the money for her to redeem her farm and she ought to appreciate that. Then, too, Charley would soon be home, and when he came if he cared to marry they could be very happy. She wondered if she shouldn't write to Charley and tell him about her business affairs, and tell him the address to which he sent his mail was the office of Mr. Honeyman, and who Mr. Honeyman was and all he was doing for her. She felt ashamed she hadn't visited Charley's parents since she left the country, but Mr. Honeyman had been so busy and Mrs. Honeyman couldn't go without him, and she wanted to go so badly and meet some of Cecelia's old friends and tell them what a dear girl she was.

She halted again in the work of arranging her room and answered: "Yes, Mrs. Honeyman, I'm coming at once. I had some work to put away."

"Cecelia, you must bear in mind that patience ceases to be a virtue. It has been fully five minutes since I directed you to gather up Burley's clothing and laundry and mend them, and not a step have you taken. Come immediately. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Honeyman, I'll obey you."

Cecelia hastened at once to the room at the barn occupied by Burley, the negro coachman. He was big and black, with broad nose, thick lips and low, receding forehead. He had been a slave in one of the Gulf states who, after the breaking out of the war had come north with returning soldiers and had been

taken into the service of Felix Honeyman as coachman and man of chores. He was lying on a cot smoking his pipe when Cecelia entered his room.

"Mo'nin', Miss Celia," he said.

"Have you your clothes ready for the laundry?" Cecelia inquired, disregarding his salutation.

"No. Some's in de clos't; some's in de dwah an' ah's got some on. Dis sit down on de bed, Miss Celia, an' ah'll take off what ah's got on."

"I don't wash your outer clothing, so you need not mind taking them off."

"Ah kno'se dat. Wa'n't agwine atake off nuffin but ma dwahs. Yo' won' ca' fo' dat, Mis Celia?" As the negro gave utterance of these words, he arose and started as if to intercept Cecelia's exit from the room. She backed rapidly toward the door but missed it, and the negro clasped his hand on the knob, his white teeth showing in a grin.

"You impudent whelp, let me out of here or I'll scream!" exclaimed Cecelia, excitedly.

The negro released his hold on the door and bowed. He said: "Suttinly, Miss Celia, but dis ain what Marse Honeyman dun tole me yo' all do."

"Oh, you big black wretch, you're going to add falsehood to impudence, now are you?"

"No, Miss Celia. Marse Honeyman dun tole me yo' all lak me. He dun tole me yo' all do'n wan' me tote mah things ovah lak Ah usa do. He dun tole me yo' all lon'sum an' 'a' yo' all kno' Ah can' hope it cause mah skin's brack an' yo' all lak me anahow and yo' all hab no jecshun of Ah sho' yo' all how brack man alub a white gal. Sho, Miss Celia. Hope Ah drop ded dis min't."

"Burley, if you ever annoy me again I'll leave here. I don't believe a word you say. Get me those clothes

in the closet and in the drawer at once. I'll hold the door."

The negro proceeded to assemble his clothing, meanwhile talking: "Sho, Miss Celia. Souf dey kill niggas fo' sultin' white ladies an' Ah dun tole Marse Honeyman dat. Sho Miss Celia, Ah dun tole 'im. Ah dun tole 'im Ah don' wan' no trouble. Sho, Miss Celia, Marse say Miss Celia po' white trash an' hab no man fo'k an' she won' go way f'om 'is home. Co'se 'e say 'e dis ajokin', but sho, Miss Celia, he dun tole me free, fo' times an' 'e say 'e dis jokin' an' den a-nex' time 'e ax me 'How yo' all an' Miss Celia comin' on?' an' den 'e tell me same as fo', den 'e say dis a-jokin'. 'E dun tole me 'e de Missus an' de chilen gwine way fo' de summa 'n' leeb us heah lone a-look aftah things 'n' den's mah time. Sho, Miss Celia, 'e dun tole me yo' all won' tell co'se yo' po' gal 'n 'e rich man 'n' nobody b'lieve yo' all gin 'im an' de Missus. Sho, Miss Celia. Dis wait 'n' se' fo' yo'se'f, Miss Celia."

"Burley, if you mean that you and I shall join in some kind of a test of Mr. Honeyman or that we shall have any purpose of any sort in common, get that notion out of your head at once. It is not necessary for me to have your assistance in anything. I may be compelled to do your washing and mend your clothes, because of my relations to Mr. Honeyman's family, but that is all. I do not believe you are truthful in any sense. Certainly you are not true to yourself as a man, because you know and must have known before, that what you say is offensive. If you did not know it you are very ignorant. If you did know it and disregarded your own sense of right, then you are a bad man. So, either way you look at it, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Never speak to me again except your work require you to do so."

Cecelia did not wait to learn if she had all the garments, but seizing such as the negro first assembled she hastily departed.

The work was completed and the duties of the household cared for scrupulously for the week, at the end of which time Mr. Honeyman returned home. He and his wife were together in the drawing-room of their residence on the evening of his arrival.

"My dear, I'm afraid you are going to have to take into your own hands this matter of controlling Cecelia. If she were an ordinary servant girl I would not hesitate a moment to do what I think ought to be done with her, but that business matter between you and her prevents me from doing what I would like to do," Mrs. Honeyman said to her husband.

"What's wrong with Cecelia? Is she neglecting her work?" he asked.

"No, no. Indeed I never saw so perfect a housekeeper. All the ladies who visit me are charmed with her and are jealous of my possession. But she seems pouty and morose. She barely speaks to me or the children. She enters into no conversation with any of us and answers our questions as briefly as she can. She treats Burley like he was a dog; so badly, indeed, that Felicity and I both feel sorry for him. She has given me two weeks' notice to get another domestic, and has told me if in the meantime I wished any work done for Burley I should do it myself."

"Ah, I see."

"Her hatred of Burley seems intense, but she will give me no explanation of it. Perhaps Burley might give you some information."

"Do you think I better—wouldn't it be best to drop the—shouldn't you rather than me try to get—that is, if she will talk wouldn't it be wise to have her explain

—or under the circumstances could we trust Burley?"

"What circumstances? Is there something you know that I do not?" his wife inquired.

"Ah, well, no, perhaps not, I—I—I——" Then Felix Honeyman looked up with a smile of self-assurance and said: "You know, my darling, I'm not used to handling servant girls. What is she going to do?"

Felicity, who had been an interested listener, entered the conversation remarking: "She told me and I told Mama she was going to visit Mr. McKindrey back home."

"When I spoke to her about that matter she told me she hoped I might never have any such trouble as hers, but I couldn't get out of her what the trouble was."

"Perhaps she is in trouble and Burley is the cause of it," said Felix Honeyman, with an air of hopefulness. "If so the McKindrey's will have nothing to do with her, and if they cast her off there is nobody that will take her up and without their aid our way is clear to the ownership of her farm. This is the consummation I have so devoutly wished and in truth, my darling, for what I have been working."

"If you mean that there is something wrong with Cecelia, you are mistaken. Cecelia is a pure girl. But what knowledge of her have you?"

"No—n—no knowledge, my darling; only surmise."

"What surmise? Why did you imagine there might be something wrong with Cecelia that involved Burley? Do you know anything?"

"No——n—no; not anything. The wish was father of the thought."

"Has Burley said anything to you about Cecelia?"

"On my honor he never spoke a word disrespect-

ful of her. Indeed, I rather admire Burley. Of course he is a negro; ignorant, repulsive and with none of the higher qualities of a white man. But he can't help it that God made his skin black or that the long period of servitude through which his race has passed has made him a dependent creature intellectually and morally. The attitude of the Southerners toward the black race has created a national prejudice against them; but I am glad that it is only national. Why in the old world the white and black races intermarry. Felicity, you better retire."

After Felicity departed Mrs. Honeyman resumed the conversation: "But perhaps the intermarriages there are with the higher class of black people. Perhaps, also, the white race there has not been goaded with frequent rapine and murder of its females. There are not many colored people in Europe, and the experiences of the South have no analogy in the old world. Nor do I comprehend, my dear, why you should ascribe the status of the negro to the period of servitude through which his race has passed in this country. In his native state he is not so far advanced, intellectually or morally, as he was in slavery. It seems to me that the negro cannot fairly ascribe his debasement to slavery but must ascribe it rather to the condition that made slavery possible to him, but of course I don't know."

"That may be true. To be sure the negro's sense of right and wrong has never been developed and as a race they will have to be educated mentally and morally, through many generations, before they measure up to the white man's standard. Of course some individual negroes will advance rapidly and soon become worthy citizens, but as a race their future is full of perplexity and doubt. But this Cecelia matter wor-

ries me—the business aspect of it—and perhaps I better speak to Burley."

"Is there anything between you and Burley?"

"N—no. I can't say that there is, only I have spoken to Burley a time or two about Cecelia, jestingly, of course, and as I gave him to understand; but, as I said, darling, I have really had the hope that if there was anything between him and Cecelia it might come out to her discredit and save us the farm. Men in business, as I am, must take chances, and they haven't time to measure the degree of any chance they take. And it all means much to you and our precious children. This home, these comforts, social position and all depend upon the possession of wealth. Some men by inheritance or good fortune get along swimmingly; others who succeed have to win by their wits, as I told you with respect to the O'Donnell property. I am one of those who has to succeed by his wits. To win, I must pit my cleverness, backed by my good reputation, against the ignorance or credulity of those with whom I deal. In this matter for, example, and as proof of the value of good reputation—how much farther our word would go than that of Cecelia, a servant girl. As to Burley, a small sum of money will enslave him to our control. My rule is that the end always justifies the means and that all's well that ends well.

"I told him that it was at Cecelia's suggestion that she would come to his room for his clothing; that she was pleased to wash them and do his mending; that she was lonesome and alone in the world and that she knew he couldn't help it because his skin was black; that she liked him; but, of course, it was not a lady's place to make advances and that if he would go about it in a nice gentle way she might have no objec-

tion to his showing her how a black man could love a white girl."

"Why, Mr. Honeyman! Shouldn't you hesitate to fill his mind with that sort of poison?"

"But it's the farm; the farm."

"How did he act? What did he say? Your daughter and I live here in this house with that negro always present?"

"You need have no fear, my dear. He knows he is only a negro."

"But you were effacing that barrier."

"What I said did not affect him. He only said: 'For certain, Marse.' He took no apparent interest in what I said, even when I told him further that if Cecelia received his attentions kindly we would go away on a vacation and leave him and Cecelia here to take care of things, and that then would be the time to test her affections for him. I shall go at at once and have a talk with him."

"And I with Cecelia."

"Bear in mind if she is disgraced in the eyes of the McKindrey's the farm is ours. I happen to know she is engaged to marry that impudent young McKindrey who is in the army."

A moment later, when Mrs. Honeyman entered the little room in the attic, she found Cecelia sewing. Her entrance into the room was not recognized by the girl.

"Cecelia!" said Mrs. Honeyman.

"Mrs. Honeyman."

"Cecelia, I came to learn what is the matter with you."

"Nothing."

"But I wish you to explain."

"I have no explanations to make to anybody."

"But you are going to leave us."

"I am."

"For what?"

"To return to the friends with whom I was living when Mr. Honeyman persuaded me to come here."

"But why are you going?"

"It is my desire."

"Your actions are very strange."

"So?"

"Mr. Honeyman and I have been talking over your matter."

"All of it?"

"Y—yes. What do you mean by all of it? D—do you like the children?"

"They are children."

"You like the home?"

"I am going to leave it."

"Mr. Honeyman has never spoken an unkind word to you?"

"Mr. Honeyman has never spoken an unkind word to me."

"Then I am to blame?"

"I did not say so."

"Burley?"

"Are Burley's relations to your family such that he should enter into my welfare?"

"N—no. Only what—— Do you object to doing his work?"

"I have done it, but I shall do it no more."

"Then you are incorrigible?"

"You have wealth, reputation and a husband. I am a poor girl. Did these things ever occur to you?"

"Only what—— They hadn't occurred to me before —— Only what——?"

"Only what?"

"Only what Mr. Honeyman said, but he was only jesting."

"Jesting! Do you call that jesting?"

"He has great confidence in Burley. Burley knew he was only jesting."

"Is your reputation of any value to you?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Honeyman answered as she struggled with her own cofusion. "Mr. Honeyman says he couldn't get along at all if it were not for his good reputation. He prizes reputation as highly as knowledge."

"My reputation is as dear to me."

"N—no. Mr. Honeyman has so many things to accomplish that depend upon his reputation."

"So that his word and yours would go father than mine?"

"Y—y—yes, well, I suppose it would have to."

"Then Burley told the truth?"

"But Mr. Honeyman was only jesting."

"And my reputation is such that my character is a subject of jest between your husband and your negro coachman, yet I am your housekeeper and the companion of your children!"

"I hope you won't be offended."

"What should offend me? If the morals of your home are such that the characters of women are subjects of jest, it is beneath what I am used to and I shall depart at once." Thereupon Cecelia began to arrange her belongings.

"Don't be hasty! I now hear footsteps in the hall and they are those of Mr. Honeyman."

Cecelia made no answer. Mrs. Honeyman who had seated herself in the little camp chair was rocking to and fro vigorously, when her husband entered.

"Cecelia, what does all this mean?" he inquired with an air of authority.

There was silence for a moment, while Cecelia looked steadfastly at him, then at his wife, then again at him. Pointing to Mrs. Honeyman, Cecelia asked: "Is that woman truthful?"

"Positively so."

"Then my character is a subject of comment between you and Burley?"

"But Burley understood I was only jesting."

"Then apart from the subject of your conversation you left it to the low intelligence of that impulsive negro to understand that you were jesting?"

"I told him so; told him repeatedly."

"What else did you tell him?"

"I don't remember."

"Then Burley's recollection is better than yours, if he is able to tell what you said?"

"No, no! My recollection is much better than his."

"Then you did not tell me the truth when you told me you did not remember? I leave at once for Mr. McKindrey's."

"Not McKindrey's?"

"At once for Mr. McKindrey's."

"Cannot this matter be straightened up? To assure you of my sincerity I will—let me tell you this, Cecelia: The time for the redemption of your farm is almost expired, and to relieve your mind of the worry that attends it and as proof of my entire good faith, I will give you my written assurance that you may have an indefinite time in which to redeem your farm, a time at your own pleasure, and that you may redeem in currency and not in gold. Isn't that proof ample of my friendship for you? Let me take your pen and write it out, a copy for each of us."

He took the writing material and after he had written he read:

"In consideration of my appreciation of the good character of Miss Cecelia Elsworth and in appreciation of her fidelity as the housekeeper of my home and of her unimpeachable deportment as the companion of my wife and the governess of my children, I, Felix Honeyman, hereby consent and agree that Miss Cecelia Elsworth may have and she is hereby granted an indefinite time, to be determined at her pleasure, in which to redeem from the sheriff's sale in my favor the old homestead of her father, John Elsworth, late deceased, containing eighty acres, more or less, situate at and near Cold Creek Crossing in Delaware Township, Humbolt County, Indiana. Written, subscribed and delivered by me this 3rd day of April, 1865.

"Felix Honeyman. (Seal)"

"You may show that to Mr. McKindrey as proof of my good faith and interest in you," Honeyman said, as he delivered the paper to Cecelia.

"I will take it for what it is worth, but as to my showing it to Mr. McKindrey that is quite another matter." Cecelia took the paper, folded it into a small wad which she put into her little purse and slipped that down the neckband of her dress. "But it will not deter me in my purpose to go," she added.

"I hope you will enjoy your visit and return to us soon. Can Mrs. Honeyman be of any service in assisting you to arrange your things?"

"I have but few things. They are all prepared. I thank you, but I am ready to go when I put on my

wraps. I shall not change my dress more than that, if you will pardon me."

"My dear, we had better retire," said Honeyman, addressing his wife.

They departed conversing about trivial matters until they reached the drawing-room, when he gave expression to his feelings: "Well, I have taken another chance in giving her that paper to keep her quiet till the year has passed in which I get my deed. The agreement itself doesn't amount to shucks. It isn't worth to her the paper it is written on, but it may be worth a farm to me. She failed to observe that I omitted from the paper the promise to let her redeem in currency instead of gold. It was to distract her attention from that omission that I said so much on the subject of good qualities."

"How thoughtful, my dear, and how quickly you grasped the opportunity."

"Men in my line of busines have to be prepared to act quickly. It is part of the game. But now that she acts so snippish about it I really wish Burley had succeeded in what I encouraged him to do. Poor fellow, he is here alone, destitute, ignorant, dependent and in a condition pitiable. It would at least have been a great gratification to him, distressed man!"

"Isn't it too bad, that he should be so situate?" Mrs. Honeyman added, tempting her womanly impulses to learn the limit to which they would go without revolt against her passive suggestion.

CHAPTER XV.

The Weatherbeaten Man in Tears.

It was one of those April days when the long-lost warmth of the sun strives to reinstate itself in the good graces of earth and all nature seems to respond to the gentle touch of Spring; when the sky wears its choicest garment of radiant blue; when the grass rehabilitates itself in tender green attire; when the brown buds show seams of pale yellow; when the birds twit and chatter or carol in undressed boughs as they make love for their Summer mating; when the atmosphere, by its good behavior, proves to men that it is God's instrument for purifying and sweetening with vernal fragrance the habitations of life. The deep umbrage of the tall pines at Joseph McKindrey's was refreshing to groups of men who stood idly conversing in low tones.

Along the highways to the south and to the east and to the west were wagons, carriages and other means of conveyance, their occupants gone; their horses tied to the worn rail fences. In front of the house and on either side of the brick walk deployed to cover the distance almost to the gate were lines of soldiers. They were an untidy lot, with crumpled, baggy dress; with hair grown longer than civilians wear it; with faces unshaven; with physiques attenuated and complexions sallow; grave and austere in deportment. Nearest the gate and in the middle of

the walk stood one who held aloft the flag of his country. Opposite him and nearest the house was one who wore side arms and epaulets, with a single gold bar at either end of the field, which told those who knew the language of military insignia that he held the commission of a first lieutenant. Within the front room a rough box some four feet long and covered with the soft folds of the stars and stripes, was placed on a low table. In this room were the family and descendants of Joseph McKindrey. Other rooms of the house were occupied with women and children.

A funeral service had been conducted, and that quiet movement of people had begun which precedes the starting of a cortege.

In passing an open window, the vision of Joseph McKindrey fell upon the south road. He stopped and turning to his wife inquired in a low tone: "Mother, who is that woman coming down the road and carrying a valise? Can you come to the window?"

Phoebe McKindrey approached the window and looked intently. "I don't know," she answered. "Likely no one coming here, for she wouldn't be carrying a thing like that and coming to a funeral. But my eyesight isn't good as it used to be. Perhaps some of you younger women may know her. Susan, Jennie, Polly, will you look?"

The women looked and as the four stood scanning the scene Polly McKindrey said: "I don't recognize her."

They continued to survey the traveler.

"It looks like Cecelia Elsworth," concurred Susan and Jennie McKindrey.

"I do believe it is Cecelia," said Joseph. "Poor child, she has heard the dreadful news and has come all the way to pay her last respects. No wonder

Charles loved such a girl. Jennie, go meet her and help her in. She must be near worn out carrying that load from the station two miles. If I had known she was coming I'd sent a conveyance over for her."

As Jennie McKindrey departed from the house, Joseph McKindrey stepped to the door and conversed in low tones with the lieutenant. Some men seeing Jennie's departure followed her. The lieutenant spoke a low command to the soldier who carried the colors and he stepped aside the walk, and drawing the outer corner of the flag to the pole held it there.

The women in the road greeted each other with Jennie in tears, as she said: "Oh, Cecelia, we are so glad you have come to us in the hour of trouble. Isn't it awful?"

"Oh, not so much trouble," Cecelia answered with a cheerful smile that startled all who came to greet her and caused the man to hesitate who was offering to carry her valise. "There isn't a word of truth in it and I have a testimonial to prove it, but it is causing more confusion than I ever imagined it should or would."

"Oh, but it is true," responded Jennie, as she again clasped Cecelia to her bosom and sobbed. "They have sent home his remains with some soldiers as a guard of honor, a part of the very few who went through that desperate charge with him. They have told us all."

"I don't understand you," Cecelia spoke in amazement.

"Hadn't you heard the word?"

"What word?"

"Charles was killed in battle."

Again the women clasped and wept. At the end Cecelia sobbed: "Can it be true? I just got such a

happy, happy letter from him. It can't be true! It can't be true! Is there no help for me? Is there no end to all my trouble? Is there a sin for which I should make such terrible atonement? Take me to him! Oh, the light of my heart, is it to be forever extinguished?"

As Cecelia approached the gate the lieutenant brought his men to reverse arms. The flag leaned at an angle; the breeches of the guns were forward with the barrel side down; the heads of the soldiers were bowed as in prayer; the sword of the lieutenant rested with its point in the earth. The movements attracted Cecelia's attention, but she passed on between the ranks unmindful of the symbol which meant so much and was a common language to the warriors of all civilized nations.

Within the family extended to Cecelia those greetings which comforted her with the belief that her life and her character reflected the ideals of him whose life had been given for the right. To little Nathaniel came the inspiration of saying to the bereaved girl: "Isn't the flag pretty?"

An hour later at the little cemetery, and housed only by the canopy of the universe, the Rev. George Havens, patriarchal in appearance, read a scriptural lesson and offered a prayer in these words: "Heavenly Father, may we consecrate this hallowed grave to Thee for all time, through eternity and until the resurrection? Earth to earth and dust to dust; Thou hast created man in Thine own image, but none more Godly than he whose fragmentary remains we now surrender unto Thy keeping; the first surrender in which this brave soldier has been given up—given, however, not to his enemy but to his God. Emblazon on our hearts the lesson of his lofty purposes and

preserve his blessed spirit, that it may greet at the gates of the eternal city those who on this earth were precious to him. Let Thy blessing be upon the nation he so dearly loved that he gave up to its preservation his life, his all. Let Thy benediction be upon these bereaved ones and upon us all, forever, amen."

At the conclusion of the prayer the minister, addressing those assembled, said: "My friends, I deem it appropriate that the voice of the nation in testimonial of this brave soldier should be spoken here, and so I read to you what was written to his father by the commanding general of the army in which this young man served:

"'In front of Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

"'Mr. Joseph McKindrey,

"'Cold Creek Crossing, Ind.

"'Sir: I have the honor to transmit this communication through the medium of a guard of honor which, with the consent of the War Department and the President, I have detailed to accompany the remains of your son, Maj. Charles McKindrey, 61st Infantry, U. S. A., to your home for burial until such time as they may be removed to some cemetery specially provided for the membership of the nation's heroic dead. This guard of honor consists wholly of a detail from the few survivors of the desperate charge so heroically led by your noble son, a charge which changed the formation of the enemy's entire line of battle and gave to our arms most signal success. I have the honor, also, to inform you that the recovery of your son's remains from the enemy was accomplished under a flag of truce sent to us by their commanding officer as an unusual token of the respect and admiration which their brave soldiers had for

the heroic courage of your son, a courage that won their admiration, while it struck them a blow from which they will never recover. The action of the enemy in thus testifying to the soldierly qualities of the deceased reminds us anew that over and above the din of battle there still speaks a voice proclaiming the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

"'I commission you, sir, on behalf of the army to tender to the mother of this soldier if she be living, and to all those who were precious to him, the expression of our highest consideration.

"'I have the honor to subscribe myself your obedient servant,

"'Andrew Prescott, General.'

"And now his comrades in arms will conduct their rites."

The mourners drew apart from the grave. During the services conducted by the minister, the soldiers had stood with bowed heads and arms reversed a short distance from the resting place of their comrade. The eyes of the lieutenant were fixed on the venerable minister. At a nod from him the lieutenant in a faltering voice gave the commands:

"Carry arms!"

There was a quick vibration of muskets. The flag unfurled, was raised aloft and floated gently in the breeze.

"Forward, march!"

True as steel the soldiers advanced.

"Halt!"

The precision of the movement was so perfect that in an instant the line resembled a statuary of stone.

"With blank cartridges, load!"

The guns dropped into the left hand, muzzles downward. There was a quick clicking sound; cartridges were inserted and the muzzles raised.

"Make ready!"

The guns came up, their breeches to the shouders of the men, their muzzles pointing upward. There was a second clicking of hammers followed with a moment of penetrating silence that stirred the souls of men.

"Fire!"

There was one tremendous report, attended with a stream of flame and line of smoke from the muzzles of the muskets.

Three times this firing was repeated, then the lieutenant gave the order: "Carry arms!"

The guns were drawn backward, dropped into the clasp of the right hand, the barrel erect.

"About face!"

Slightly arising upon the balls of their feet the soldiers turned.

"Forward, march!"

The line retired with that same faultless precision.

"Halt!"

Had the line ever moved?

"About face!"

The evolution was instantly performed.

"Reverse arms!"

Again the troops assumed that most sublime attitude of peace open to a soldier in arms, and remained in that position until the services were concluded.

When the soldiers fired their farewell salute over the grave of their comrade, Joseph McKindrey, holding by his hand the grandchild, Nathaniel, stood with his immediate family a few feet back from the head of the grave. As the soldiers retired he withdrew

his hand from that of his grandchild, and wiped away the tears that stole down his weatherbeaten face. The child observed the grief of his grandfather and mentioned it to his mother.

"The soldiers have hurt Grandpap," Nathaniel remarked.

"Be quiet, my son," answered his mother, taking the child by the hand.

"Let me loose. Don't you see the soldiers have hurt Grandpap. Let me loose. I'm going to see what they did it for." There was a struggle between the mother and her son that ended in the latter's correction, but not in his surrender.

When the services were concluded friends gathered about the bereaved family tendering condolences, and while his mother was thus occupied Nathaniel disappeared. After an interval of some moments he returned in the proud ownership of a bullet.

"Where did you get that thing, my child?" his mother asked.

"Soldiers gave it to me."

"The soldiers gave it to you?"

"Yes 'um."

"When?"

"Just now. I went to see them about why they hurt Grandpap. They told me it was another man hurt him. They don't know who the man was nor where he is. I told them if they hurt my Grandpap I'd hit 'em with a rock. They told me they were friends of Grandpap and wouldn't hurt him, and they told me they liked me and the man with the sword told them to give me a bullet, and they all started to give me bullets and he told them one bullet would do, and he told me all the bullets were just alike and the soldier gave me this one. Then he told me to

skedaddle, and I told him I didn't know what that was, and he told me to go and ask my ma, and, Ma, what is skedaddle?"

"You remain here with me, young man." As the mother spoke she grasped her son, and he remained thereafter on enforced good behavior.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Shelter for Cecelia.

On their return from the cemetery and after the last condoling friends had departed, the family, with Cecelia Elsworth, assembled in the sitting-room, sat in pensive reflection.

"This is the end for us," said Susan McKindrey, breaking the silence.

"A sacrifice that may remain unmeasured!" her mother answered with a tone of one concurring.

"Nothing remains but to make the best of it," said Joseph McKindrey, as he arose and stretched himself to his full stature. "So long as we have civilization we must have governments among men. When it comes to placing the results of this terrible war in the laws and customs of the people I hope God may be in the hearts of those charged with the responsibility of shaping the course of the nation, that they may be wise and honest and free from malice and faithful to the best interests of the whole country, so that not only we of to-day, but posterity, shall appreciate the terrible sacrifices that have been made to preserve the principles for which the war was fought."

"Grandpa, see my bullet." Joseph McKindrey paused and looked down to the out-stretched hand of the child who stood before him. Taking the bullet

from the little fingers Joseph began to turn it over as he examined it.

"Where did you get that, my child?"

"One of the soldiers gave it to me."

"They didn't have that kind when I was in the service." As he handed the bullet back to the child, Joseph asked: "When did he give it to you?"

"At the graveyard when we were getting ready to come home. I went to them and said, 'What for did you hurt my Grandpap?' and the soldier with the sword said they didn't hurt nobody, and I said, 'You did, 'cause Grandpap cried when you shot your guns,' and he asked me who Grandpap was, and I told him he ought to know, 'cause Grandpap was Uncle Charley's Pa and it was Uncle Charley's funeral, and he asked me where my Pa was and I told him I didn't have no Pa 'cause he was a soldier that got killed in the war, and then the soldier with the sword said he knew me now, and he said to the other soldiers 'This is another Major,' and I said I wasn't anybody but just Nat, only when I was bad and then I was Nathaniel, and he said to the soldiers 'Give him a bullet,' and they all wanted to give me a bullet, and he said one would do, and I told him if he hurt Grandpap I would hit him with a rock, and he said he was sorry if Grandpap was hurt, and he said it was someone else hurt him and he didn't know who, and he told me to hurry back and take good care of Grandpap and if I ever come down their way to look 'em up and they'd be glad to see me. One of the soldiers wanted to give me some tobacco, 'cause he couldn't give me a bullet, and the soldier with the sword told me to skedaddle, and then he made the soldiers get in a wagon and go away."

"Nathaniel, I'm sorry you did that. Those soldiers

will think you are impudent," his mother said reprovingly.

"The child is all right. The boys liked him. Don't worry about Nathaniel." As he spoke these words Joseph McKindrey drew the child to him.

"But I do, Father. I got little sleep last night worrying over the future of him and his sister, and was sorry he did not show me more respect at the cemetery. The truth is, Father, he is petted too much here. He has too many to whom he can look for sympathy, and I am losing all control over him. If I had him alone where I could have better discipline he would make a good boy, and I do hope when he grows up he will be the right sort of man. I thought if you could let me have the cottage at the village I could move there. I can get enough work as seamstress to support the family and believe it will be better for me."

"Jennie, I shall be sorry to have you go, but I never like to interfere in the management of another person's family. You can have the cottage and whatever else you need at any time. Always remember that."

"We shall not need anything else unless in case of sickness. I don't want Nat to grow up thinking he is dependent."

"Well, as you wish. From the way young Wilcox is writing back from the army I reckon we won't have Susan with us very long after the war is over. Polly can remain with us."

"No, Father," answered the widow of James. "I am going to return to my parents. Mother is in feeble health and they need me there. My case is unlike Jennie's, for I have no boy. I fear Mother won't be with us long, and my girls will be a comfort to her

while she lives and to Father. I think I shall return home tomorrow."

"Well, all this is unexpected and unnecessary, but of course Mother and I have to meet it some time, I suppose. How long can you remain with us, Jennie?" Joseph inquired.

"I wish to make the change immediately," answered Jennie and as she spoke she observed Nathanial nestling beside her. "There is only one time to do a thing a person has to do and that is at once. I should like to make the change as soon as we can—in the morning, if possible."

"Well, the cottage is vacant and you can have it. I will go over to-morrow and see if it needs any repairs, and get you in some fuel and then if you insist on going I'll have the teams move you over."

"I shall go to-morrow, Father," said Polly.

"Well, Cecelia," said Joseph, turning to the little Quakeress, who sat beside Susan, with whom she had been conversing in inaudible tones, "it looks like we are going to have to adopt a little girl who answers your description. It has been a great many years since Mother was without some young people in the house. She had Samuel and James as babies when I was in the war with Mexico, and from then till now she has not been without young people. I expect she and I are selfish and live for one another, but there has always been a place here for those who are dear to us and there is yet. Of course our home isn't as nice as you have been used to in town, but we will try to treat you right, and it will at least be a shelter for you. Cecelia, unpack your baggage, and from this time on tell people you are a member of our family."

"It would be a great comfort to me, Cecelia. If

your Mother's voice could be heard, I know she would say she was glad, if you were here," Phoebe McKindrey remarked.

"Well said, Mother; well said," added Joseph.

"I invited her to live with us before you did," remarked Susan.

Jennie and Polly concurred that the arrangement would have mutual advantages.

"You can sleep with Susan to-night and can have the second bedroom if Polly insists on going to-morrow," said Phoebe.

Cecelia, who had remained an attentive listener through the conversation, said: "If you care to have it that way I shall be pleased to consent. I hope you believe in me and will always like me."

"No apologies or excuses, Cecelia," Joseph interrupted to say. "When you come under my roof just try to please Mother, and I know you can do that if I can."

"I am certain nothing will ever occur here to disturb the happiness of any of us and I will try to do my part," Cecelia responded.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Departure of Nathaniel.

Years had passed, the war was over and the people were pursuing the arts of peace. Time had fallen lightly on Joseph and Phoebe McKindrey. Susan had married and gone from the old homestead. Cecelia Elsworth, endeared to the aged couple, still resided with the McKindreys. Polly McKindrey, by inheritance on the death of her parents, had become a woman of affluence and lived in a distant city. The cottage in the village continued to be the home of Jennie McKindrey and her children, Nathaniel and Eliza. Her youngest brother, a veteran who had lost a leg, an eye and his voice in the service, was a member of the family. In school the children had made rapid progress, and Nathaniel for more than four years had been working at the printer's trade on the local paper.

Jennie McKindrey, denying herself the tendered aid of Joseph McKindrey, maintained her family with her needle until the small earnings of Nathaniel became available to her assistance. Each fall Joseph McKindrey had insisted on supplying the family with vegetables, meat and fuel from the farm. Holidays and birthdays also gave him an opportunity for helping in a manner that would not violate Jennie's rule so "to raise her children that they would not feel them-

selves dependent people," and then the gifts were accepted "just to please Grandpap."

It was one of those August evenings, when the housewife defers heating the kitchen till the last moment. Preparations for the cooking of the supper meal were finished, and Jennie McKindrey and her daughter were completing the odds and ends of some needlework. Nathaniel bolted into the room from the rear of the house and, flushed with excitement, called to his Mother: "I'm going!"

"Going! Going where, my son?"

"College!"

"Why, my son, get that idea out of your head at once! It takes a great deal of money to attend college. I should like very much for you to have a higher education, but we haven't the means and you must learn to be contented. If your Grandfather should help you, as he doubtless would if I were to suggest it to him, he would take the advancement out of your inheritance, and I had hoped, if that was ever useful to you, it would be when you became a man in business."

"No, Grandpap hasn't said a word to me about it nor I to him. He doesn't go much on higher education. I've heard him say that so many college fellows were not useful men. He likes the fellow that can give and take hard knocks. He thinks muscles were made to work with, and that a fellow who doesn't work with his muscles has to be watched. No, indeed, Mother, I didn't say a word to Grandpap about going to college. There would be an insurrection down here if he knew I was going. He'd come down on me like old Zach'ry Taylor charging at Monterey. Tell Grandpap!"

Nathaniel uttered a long penetrating whistle, then

resumed his conversation: "Why, Mother, I wouldn't be smart enough to go to college if I had so little gumption as to tell Grandpap. After I get there and do something worth while I'll write him a letter. Grandma, she knows him pretty well by this time, and she says the way to handle Grandpap is to go at him easy like, just as if you were letting him have his own way. She says the reason he goes out in stormy weather and acts up so about exposing himself is because the storms won't let him boss them around and they come at him in such an angry manner. I may tell some people I'm going to college, but not Grandpap."

"My son, the idea is utterly impracticable. The money question alone will prevent your going."

"No, Mother, I have that fixed. I have a job at my trade on the *Daily Echo*, at Whitecastle, the seat of learning of Green University. I get seven dollars a week for thirty-five hours' work. You see, Mother, I had talked to my employer, Mr. Bodendale, about going to college, so, here the other day at the State editors' convention, he met Mr. Allen and got to talking to him and my matter come up, and Mr. Allen likes to give young fellows a chance, so it's all closed up and I'm 'Slug 4,' on the Whitecastle *Daily Echo*, and a college student when I'm not typesetting. Grandpap always says a fellow will come out all right if he has a good mother, and I have the best one in the world."

Nathaniel threw his arms about his mother's neck and kissed her. "And the sweetest sister, too," he added, as he turned toward his sister and reaching to kiss her, also, he found her mouth full of food, so that he hesitated and spoke: "Sis, what y'eating? Gi'me some?" Thereupon Nathaniel started to catch

Eliza. He chased her around the room, but she escaped.

Returning to his mother, he said: "Mr. Bodendale told Mr. Allen I was the fastest and cleanest printer in the shop, and beat anyone for my years he had ever seen."

"Nathaniel, you have done so well in following your own plans of work that I had perhaps better give my consent to the arrangements you have made. Did you thank Mr. Bodendale?"

"Sure, I thanked him and stood good, while he delivered his lecture telling me how to get along."

"What did he tell you?"

"Oh, a whole lot. I had my mind too full of live matter to remember. I've got my own lecture and it's shorter than his. It is: 'Work; get an education and be a man.' Say, Sis, gi'me some o' that y'eating. Mother, what's sh' eating?"

"Cookies. They are there in the jar. I knew you were fond of them, so I made some this morning."

It was only a moment until Nathaniel had encountered the cookie jar. With his left hand full of the cakes and his right holding one high aloft, his eyes turned upon it, he sang to it what he called "a farewell":

> "We shall separate so soon, precious cookie!
> Like a dream, thy fragrance will depart."

As he sang Eliza stealthily advanced behind him and slipped a portion of cookie into his mouth as it opened for another couplet of the song. Nathaniel started after her and chased her from the house.

At supper it was agreed that the arrangement Nathaniel had made should be carried out.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Disgrace as a Task-master.

Here and there were banks and piles of the dissolving snow which for two weeks had covered the earth. When it came the trees were laden with the white fruitage of the great silent storm. Boughs bent to the earth and the rugged elm vied with the dainty shrub, though on more magnificent scale, in taking the laurel of Christmas trees from the symmetrical evergreen. There had been a constant melody of bells, at times present, again receding and remote with carnivals of fun for merrymakers, from the small boy with his pesky snowball, to loving coasters and the mature possessors of sleighs with gorgous trappings.

But now, in the dissolution of it all, trees resumed their sighing to the discordant touch of wintry winds. Sheets of ice at irregular intervals made the course of pedestrians uncertain. Even the brown earth was not uniform in its showing. It was neither twilight nor day. The skies were neither clear nor cloudy. Nature seemed to be one universal discord, and if harmony prevailed anywhere its abode was hidden. The great somber house of Felix Honeyman stood cold without the dense garment of foliage which its setting had given it through the months of vegetation. No lights yet shown from any of its windows. Within, the solitude was even more intense. The broad grate in the drawing-room gave an intermittent lustre to

the rich furnishings and cast a ghostly pallor on the features of Felix Honeyman, his wife and son as they sat pensively before it.

"It is terrible, terrible! My daughter, my home, my good name and $1,000 of my hard-earned money lie to-night at the feet of a brutal negro! Disappointment, humiliation, disgrace and the loss of money that was mine all combine, and above my misery arises to mock me the lustful pleasures of a beast. Have I striven for no greater consummation of my heart's desire than this?"

When Felix Honeyman gave utterance to this expression of despair no one made answer. There was another period of unspoken grief. Finally he turned upon his wife, the haven of a husband's pillory, and said: "My dear, I should have thought you would have observed his misconduct in time to have stopped it with all your opportunities to see. I know I should have seen anything wrong occurring at the bank. Her beautiful picture in the *Evening Blaze* looks hideous to me alongside his, and the paper insinuates that others have known of their relations for months. Do you think of it all? The tender emotions of a father's heart are crucified, my home disgraced, my good reputation put in peril. Who would care to sit at my fireside now? There are those who believe a parent's greatest duty is the correct raising of his children, and they will say of me that if I could not perform that greater duty I am unworthy to be entrusted with the performance of less ones, in which my obligation is not so sacred. And my money! I wonder if any part of it might be recovered? Can you imagine anything more terrible?"

"Rapine with murder would have been worse," his wife answered.

"That is true, but in such a case as that no money would have been taken! Where were your eyes! Where were your impulses as a wife and mother?"

"Don't rest the blame wholly on me, Mr. Honeyman. It was that Cecelia Elsworth matter put the mischief in his head, and it broke down the barriers of Felicity's racial respect, for she knew your position then."

"Oh, that was ten years ago. He had long forgotten that. Why do you mention that, you huzzy?"

Felix Honeyman sprang to his feet and glared fiercely at his wife. His son arose but stood silent.

"To remind you," his wife responded as she came to her feet and placed before her the chair in which she had been sitting. Pointing her finger at him she continued: "To remind you, sir! The virtue of a woman is the one priceless heritage a mother transmits to her child at birth. Once lost it can never be reclaimed. Losing it may be easy; it may be otherwise as one measures its worth by the precept of the family. The father makes the home and—call me a huzzy?—what have you made yours? What precept of morals have you held dear? There burns yet in my remembrance the deep impression of your awful words spoken of Cecelia: 'But now, that she acts so snippish about it I really wish Burley had succeeded in what I encouraged him to do. It would, at least, have been a great gratification to him, poor fellow!' What precept of morals have you held dear to your home? With you it has been money, money, money! Wits on your part; ignorance on the part of those with whom you dealt! The end always justified the means! 'All's well that ends well!' You coerced me into painful submission through my love for your children by your frequent analysis of how wives lost

their husbands to other women. Ah, Socrates, the potion of poison that you drink is of your own mixing!"

"I get no consolation," he sighed in despair. "At my home it is as upon the street. There I see derision written in men's faces. I read contempt between their lines of utterance. From the world I get contumely; at my home I'm caviled at! Withal I lose my daughter and my money!"

He turned to Hector: "My son, have you no condolence for my remorse?"

Hector shoved his hands deeply into the pockets of his trousers, lifted his vision toward the ceiling and as he strolled around the room in a perverse swagger, he answered: "Oh, I think the lunatic wanted to learn what a nigger would make out of a white man's opportunity. So I tells them 'at tries to stop me in my ways, asking me this, and asking me that about her. But as the Guv'nor gives it to us, 'All's well 'at ends well,' an' 'Money 'll accomplish anything,' you might try the worth of y'r money in bringin' back a pure daughter from a nigger's bed. The $1,000 she took won't last 'em long an' then she'll come back to be more insolent 'an ever. Guv-nor, you got y'r pay this time in the same kind o' money y' invested."

"No more!" shrieked Felix Honeyman. "I shall dispose of all the property I possess for which purchasers can be found. The rest I'll place in the hands of some trustee. We'll go abroad a year and then select some new location. The great Southwest offers golden opportunities. There we may retrieve our lost fortunes. The family history will not be known. Felicity may return to us, and in our new home I'll surround her with a changed environment and proper influences. The negro race will there be held in its

just restraint. The South knows the negro. I have mocked at the burdens of the Southern man. In my new light I appreciate them. In my new life I shall respect them.

"The negro is a mental and moral delinquent. He lives upon the purposes of hunger and lust. He plunders the white man's larder for food and ravishes his females. As a citizen, he is a menial. In the public service he betrays his trust. Schemers and designing men control him when he has a duty to perform. He burdens his wards with pillage for his favorites. Those who conserve their wealth are the goal of his menace. He makes their ownership of property the means of their devastation. What light shines so brightly as the light of experience? In its radiance he who runs may read, and the laggard may learn from the imprint of indellible impression. We shall arrange our affairs for departure forthwith."

CHAPTER XIX.

In the New Era.

Those who viewed it for the first time always said the place had every appearance of comfort. It was a two-story frame house painted a dove color with white trimmings. The roof was steep and had broad eaves embellished with scroll work, and a high gable, looking to the west, broke the monotony of the long roof of reddish-brown shingles. A deep porch extended the full length of the west elevation. It was supported with Corinthian columns and had balustrades both above and below. Large windows reached almost to the floor of either story.

To the east end and in the rear the building extended back the full two stories, making the primary outline of the house resemble the letter T. The front yard was about one acre in area and was level, with a well-kept lawn. Broad walks of concrete extended from the various entrances to the east and north. On either side of the walk in front of the house stood a majestic fir, trimmed so high that its shade did not destroy the sward. Beds of flowers located and constructed to give the best effect in variety, and relief from any resemblance of monotony, responded to the artful work of the care-taker with bright hues and rich foliage.

Fruit and ornamental trees and flowering shrubs were placed at intervals, and groomed in a manner to

promote the pleasing effect of the lawn. Picket fences of immaculate white enclosed the premises and lent beauty to the scene. A broad driveway extended eastward from the turnpike to the north entrance of the house, and led back to a commodious barn, whose colors accorded with those of the house. In front of the barn and to its north was a large orchard of young pear trees, well kept and thrifty. To the east of the house were gardens and outbuildings, while at the south was a forest of primitive trees. The place bore evidence of thrift and contentment and displayed the principles of the owner, telling that he was a lover of the soil.

The scene within the house was in harmony with its external appearance. There were broad halls, high ceilings and rooms sweetened with copious baths of sunshine. There were books and pictures, musical instruments and statuary, fireplaces of generous proportions, and an arrangement of well selected furniture that displayed the artistic temperament of a good housewife. Heaven had endowed the place with happiness by blessing it with many children, from the toddling babe upward through fun-loving boyhood to the shy miss just entering her teens. The premises were two miles beyond the city limits. The place was reached by both trolley and steam roads, as well as the turnpike.

It was the home of Nathaniel McKindrey, who for more than twenty years had been successfully engaged in the practice of law.

It was scarcely 6 o'clock on a September evening, balmy with the soft touch of a gentle south wind, radiant with the glow of a lurid setting sun, when Nathaniel McKindrey alighted from the trolley car and entered his home. The babies were kissed and the children

in turn received the father's greeting, for he had been gone since morning. Supper was served, and when the family retired to the front porch, Nathaniel and his wife to rest, while the children played upon the lawn, he said to her:

"Wife, we shall have to arrange for your companionship while I am gone. Doubtless grandparents can spare Cecelia for a few weeks. I have wired my acceptance of the proposition stated in this leter, which I received this morning."

Nathaniel drew from his pocket a letter which he handed to his wife, and which she read, as follows:

"Washington, D. C., Sept. 5th, 1903.

"Hon. Nathaniel McKindrey,

"Sir: I have the honor to be commissioned by the President to tender to you the position of special counsel to the Government in certain cases pending in the Courts of the United States in the Southwest in which indictments have been returned for unlawful acts with respect to the public domain. The President had before him a summary of your record as United States District Attorney for the central district of your State, and while you are not in partisan accord with this administration, the President is of the opinion—an opinion in which this Department heartily concurs—that no lawyer in the country could more efficiently than you conduct these prosecutions. I am authorized to say that you will be paid a retainer fee of $5,000, with an additional per diem of $200 for each day necessarily taken in the performance of your duties, and your proper expenses in traveling. If you will be so kind as to wire me your acceptance I shall direct the United States Marshal for your district to hand you $500 as an advance payment on your ex-

pense account, and I shall ask you to come forthwith to this city for consultation. It is my best impression that the service may require the better part of the court year.

"I have the honor, sir, to be your obedient servant,

"Elihu Cooley, Attorney General."

Ruth McKindrey was dressed in light linen. Her dark auburn hair was arranged in a neat coiffure. Her bright blue eyes bespoke energy, and her cheeks, from which the rose of youth had not been plucked, told the tale of good health and a wholesome life. Her voice was soft and well modulated in tone but her speech, like all her other movements, was inclined to be rapid. She turned the letter over in her hand. Then, in silence, she again read it.

"Nathaniel," she said as she returned the letter to her husband, "that is a very complimentary letter, and I hope you may be successful in convicting every man who is guilty. As to our own affairs here you must not burden yourself with the slightest concern about them. I have my household well organized and every detail of its management in hand. Of course, I shall be pleased to have some one here as company, for I shall be lonesome while you are gone. Your mother or Eliza will be my choice if either can come. The last time I saw your mother, your uncle was in feeble health. He is suffering from his old army wounds and she likes to give him her attention. I shall get word to her in the morning and if she can neither come nor spare Eliza, doubtless grandparents can part with Cecelia. Grandparents are plenty of company for one another, and they haven't anything to do but enjoy themselves. But you need not consider any of these details. Your mind will

be upon your work during the days that remain, and at home you must rest."

"Ruth," said Nathaniel, "I'm going to take you at your word for each of two delightful reasons: First, because it places the matter in better hands than mine; second, because fifteen years of wedlock has taught me to let you have your own way. Hasn't it, sweetheart?" As he put the question Nathaniel embraced his wife and kissed her and held her in his arms until she gave the sign of distress, which was the answer "I hope so."

CHAPTER XX.

The Acropolis of San Pedro.

The acropolis of San Pedro—the highest point in the city! It was a mound, shaped like a hemisphere, with its summit a full two hundred feet above the level of the vast plateau that reached to sightless limits in every direction. By the hand of some primeval settler the crest and receding slopes of this elevation had been planted with oak and pine, which, seemingly inspired by the loftiness of their location, or, emulating its majestic grandeur, had grown to become giants of their species. Great terraces, entwining walks and broad drives, displayed the skill of engineering, and the art of the landscape gardener was revealed in nooks and areas of flowers, with here and there some statuary. The base of the hill had been severed to the general level of the plain by an encircling highway, and a wall of stone erected to sustain the higher border of the road. At the summit and transcending all but the topmost boughs of the tallest trees, stood a palatial home of brownstone with marble halls, whose mural decorations had been taken by artists from Nature's best productions of scenic beauty.

There was a massive stairway of the same white stone. Great windows of plate glass, embellished with art glass of refined coloring, gave the place a tone that seemed to speak of hospitality and to de-

stroy the barriers of seclusion. Chandeliers of princely value were suspended from the ceilings, and their sparkling pendants reflected all the colors of June's brightest rainbow. Gorgeous tapestry and delicate lace appended to the walls, heightened the mural beauty, and softened the effect of massive furniture, whose footings were half buried in the mellow pile of velvet carpets.

For a decade this had been the home of Felix Honeyman, his wife and their bachelor son. Felix Honeyman had come thither from the East many years before, when the country was new and opportunities were golden. Possessed of means, he had acquired vast tracts of land and mines laden with the precious metals and useful minerals, so that his wealth had multiplied many-fold and was now estimated far in the millions. The center of his vast enterprises was the great banking house of F. and H. Honeyman, the strength of which was increased by branch banks located in many cities of the Southwest.

When twilight fell on the evening of September 5, 1903, a frail woman, scantily attired, haggard in her movements, weak and worn with travel, paused at the gate of massive stone, and looked upward scanning the roadway and the scene beyond. She sat upon the lowest step and let the moments pass in meditation.

Beneath the candelabra of a dome-like room, and about a massive table of mahogany, sat Felix Honeyman, his wife and son. Hair white as snow marked alike the heads of the aged banker and his wife. He had grown thin; she stout. His cheeks were sunken and sallow; hers full and a trace of bloom remained. Hector, the son, was a drowsy looking obese monster, slightly beyond the meridian of life, whose livid face

and bloodshot eyes told the story of wayward conduct and dissipation.

"Thank fortune, I succeeded so easily in getting bail for both Hector and myself each for $75,000," said Felix Honeyman with an air of cheerfulness. "We pooled our strength, and because of the number under indictment it was not difficult to obtain the necessary bondsmen. Indeed, the marshal told me he would be willing to accept our personal recognizances if the law would allow him to do so. And I'm really glad it's over. Now that we are under indictment and bonds are given, I assume the press will cease their agitation and we may have some peace. I am in hopes the matter may blow over and the cases never be called for trial. Counsel tells me that it is sometimes done. We have influential friends at Washington."

"Stop it, Guv'nor; stop it!" Hector growled, addressing his father, and thence turning to his mother said: "The guy of a lawyer was an old stiff who takes his in blowin' of what he's goin' to do, instead of standin' for something he has done. My bottom dollar on it there's goin' to be trouble in these cases. When the gov'ment goes after crooks it gets 'em. Why, the young fellow down't the marshal's office piped it off to me that the gov'ment was goin' to send special counsel here to prosecute. Too many know about it. We went too far and we went too long. The big fellows in politics that are in on the deals won't help us. To me, it's a sure thing they'll squeal and do the rest of us for immunity. The Guv'nor will get ready to take his wits and his good reputation to the pen with him. Better take along a common suit o' clothes, too, Guv'nor. They ain't used to carin' for broadcloth down there, and yours'll be moth-eaten by time you'r out."

"Can't the matter be arranged in some way?" inquired Mrs. Honeyman, addressing her remarks to both her husband and her son.

"I had hoped so," her husband answered. "I urged Hector to plead guilty on condition that I be discharged. I am getting old and a term in prison means my death."

"There's some hapless woman at the door, Mum," said the maid. "She will not tell me where she comes from nor what her name may be. She asks to see you, here or there."

"I wonder who she may be?" Felix Honeyman inquired.

"Some woman, maybe, with a mission to our advantage, as she comes so late," his wife answered. "You may tell her to come in, maid."

"They'se your own boots you're wearin', ain't they, Guv'nor? I think so. Keep 'em on. You're lucky, all right. Death won't hurt you. If you'd got what you deserved you'd been in years ago. Go easy on me, or I'll tell of your penmanship down east."

"Hector, your father is in trouble to-night. You should not talk so to him."

"You say you're goin' to have some eats to-night? Well, let's to 'em. It's me for the cup that cheers and I want to be goin'."

"Your father is entitled to the consolation and comfort of his child this evening."

"I have come to bring it to him." As the strange voice gave expression to this proffered aid all were startled. Even the drowsy Hector looked alert, for the speaker had entered unobserved.

"You? Who are you!" exclaimed Felix Honeyman and his wife in concert.

"I'm—I'm—Oh, God, give me the strength to pro-

nounce the word once so precious to my parents; I'm —I'm Felicity!" The woman dropped upon her knees and wept.

"Felicity!" exclaimed the parents, as they arose and started toward her, while Hector, stupefied with amazement, stood where he had arisen.

The woman swooned, and was lain upon the floor at the feet of the family. Restoratives were applied and she recovered sufficiently to be seated. Unfastening the light cape about her shoulders and removing the threadbare shawl that covered her head, she said:

"I heard you were in trouble. I have no health, no name, nothing that may be of service to you but this money, $21, which I give you. It is all I have. May God be merciful to you. Mother, Father and Hector, may Felicity have one kiss from each before she goes?"

The woman arose and was readjusting her garments for departure. She looked at them beseechingly as she spoke their names and placed the money upon the table.

"Go on to your nigger! But for you and him we wouldn't be here," Hector sneered as he waved her aside, and resumed his seat with his back to his sister. He looked at his mother who stood bewildered and in tears. "How soon do we get something to eat?" he asked.

Felix Honeyman wavered between his two children. Tempted to release the leashes with which he held the expression of his affection from his daughter, he was repelled by the scowling glances of his son. Bewildered with the division of his duties between his children he trembled like a captive beast, and, seeking an exit for his emotions, he began nervously to arrange the articles on the table. Twice he caught

himself counting the odd bits of coin, none larger than a dime, which comprised his daughter's contribution.

Mrs. Honeyman, half blinded with her weeping, staggered toward her child and drew her to her bosom. The women sobbed without speaking. Hector Honeyman arose, glanced at those about him, muttered:

"There's no eats here," and stalked away, closing the door with violence as he departed. Felix Honeyman listened to the retiring footsteps of his son and when they became inaudible approached his daughter.

"Father, this is our Felicity; our child; our first born," said his wife with deep emotion. "Is there no father's love for her?"

"There is, Mother; there is. My stale old heart is slow to move, Mother, but the yearning it has—so often tortured for Felicity—shall be restrained no longer."

He took his daughter from her mother's arms and wept with joy, while his wife, overwhelmed with emotion, reposed in her chair and sobbed. He kissed his child and asked her to be seated. Moments multiplied as the three sat speechless.

"Mother, let me suggest the household service," said he, after a long interval of silence. "The servants may get some false apprehension from our delay."

"That is true," his wife replied. "I'll attend to it. We'll have supper at once."

She arose. Her vision fell upon the distressed object before her. Felicity rebuttoned the cape about her shoulders and pinned together the ends of the shawl that was her head-dress, saying: "And I'll be going."

"Going!" repeated her mother. "Never!" she exclaimed, with emphasis.

"I can be of no service here and my presence may embarrass you."

"No mother is better than her daughter. They who accept me must accept my child."

"But, Mother, you do not realize——"

"We shall not debate anything. You presence is a comfort to me and will be a consolation. Let me attend to these household duties and I'll be with you."

Mrs. Honeyman retired from the room and had remained away briefly, but in her absence a new paroxysm of grief possessed the father and his daughter, so that they were weeping when Mrs. Honeyman returned.

"I wish to acclimate you to your new conditions, daughter, and the better to accomplish that you will tell me what you have been doing," she said to her child.

"That will only distress you, Mother."

"I do not want to feed upon your anguish, child, but wish the knowledge to direct my course for your better comfort. In all the years you have been gone I have preserved for you the things you treasured. Your room in this house contains even now the childish things that were precious to you. I have kept them for your home-coming, which I always felt was certain."

"Put them aside, Mother. They are not useful to me now. I have learned the lessons of repentance and charity. The many accomplishments you bestowed on me so lavishly were not strength. They were a mere veneering that concealed my frailty even from myself and misled me to my ruin. A few brief

words will be sufficient for my past. It was some insane impulse that possessed me to take my first false step. After we went away the negro took my money and spent it in riotous living. When it was gone he tired of me. He attempted to raise money by my submission to men of his race, and when I rebelled he beat me cruelly. He was arrested, and at his trial I got his release by my perjury. He took to theft and his pillage was found in my possession. I was long in prison. My release was through a mad-house and from there I went, broken in health, to an infirmary.

"Years passed. The negro disappeared when I went to prison. From the infirmary I entered menial service as a charwoman and scullion. I learned the true value of faith in God, and He will be my witness that but for the one error I am and have been a pure woman. For my reformation, I owe much to the example and the simple prayers of little Cecelia Elsworth—I hope you remember her, Mother?

"The money I gave you is out of my savings. It ought to have been more, but my health is frail and often I was unable to work. I saw in a newspaper an account of your misfortune here, and not knowing your condition I thought this money, which was so much to me, might be useful to you. I came to you by slow stages, stopping where I could get labor to maintain my expenses, so that the sum with which I started should remain intact. It was only when I first saw your home this evening that I faltered in my purpose, and then I persuaded myself to enter only to be sure that I would find you here. In all my sinning I have preserved my family name inviolate, and if God will let me know the terms of my atonement I will accept them, even unto death."

"Your first duty will be recover your strength. Then we shall take up other matters. Come, now, to your room and prepare for supper."

The women retired and as they left the room Felix Honeyman in rapturous tones exclaimed: "Well, isn't this delightful!"

CHAPTER XXI.

The Honorable Phoenix Coke.

For more than six weeks the rooms of the District Court of the United States had been crowded with witnesses, with friends of the defendants and with others present out of curiosity. The cases on trial were those of the United States against Felix Honeyman, Hector Honeyman and three of their business associates, charged with fraud against the public domain. The court-room was a small affair, some thirty by sixty feet, with plain buff walls. At the south end, and erected on a small platform, was an oak bench and desk occupied by the Hon. Willis Vann, presiding judge. At the judge's right was the clerk's desk, and at his left the marshal's desk and prisoner's dock. In front of the judge's desk were the witness stand, tables for counsel and the jury box. Farther to the rear a railing crossed the room, and behind it were benches for the spectators.

The trial had involved the tracing of title to many thousands of acres of land, and great record books and piles of documents were open on the counsel tables or stacked upon the floor. Eminent lawyers had been employed by the defendants, and day after day there had been sallies of keen wit, biting satire, acrimonious argument and learned debate. Felix Honeyman and wife had sat side by side, their white hair disclosed to

visible advantage. Behind them were Hector Honeyman and a strange lady, deeply veiled, to whom Hector paid marked attention. There was much inquiry, and many stories were told as to her identity. Some said she was a distant relative; others, that she was Hector's fiance, while others were of the opinion that she was there to watch the progress of the trial for the benefit of some one whose case was yet to be called.

At each rising of the court Hector extended to her his arm, and with the greatest deference was her constant escort. Among ladies of his acquaintance, Hector Honeyman was a much discussed man. He was the sole heir of his father's many millions, and was himself a shrewd man of affairs, though at times given to excessive dissipation, on which occasions he was sullen and disagreeable.

When the trial began the district attorney, exercising the powers of his office, impaneled the jury, and made the opening statement of what the Government expected to prove to warrant the conviction of the defendants. His effort was justly applauded as able, and there were those so intoxicated with the fervor of his eloquence that they suggested the query: "Why need the attorney-general have provided special counsel to aid the prosecution?" while the conviction was quite general that there was no legal luminary but would be darkened in the presence of the district attorney.

When the district attorney closed his opening statement there was extended to him in congratulation the frail hand of a man, a stranger in that community, some forty years old, who, from the calling of the case had sat beside the district attorney, and watched with quiet interest each step in the proceedings. This

stranger was fully six feet in stature, with erect bearing and broad shoulders but spare in flesh. His head was large and its crown was becoming perceptibly bald His complexion was fair, his eyes gray, cheekbones high, mouth large and chin strong. His demeanor was quiet and studious. He had been introduced to the court officials, to counsel and to the defendants as the Honorable Nathaniel McKindrey, special counsel in the department of justice. Other lawyers were active in their participation in the case, but he was silent. He had before him a pad of paper upon which he made occasional notes and he frequently examined some memoranda before him.

"He's a devilish nice fellow to be associated with," remarked the district attorney to some of his friends. "He doesn't annoy you with suggestions and assumes that others know a little law."

The attaches of the court had begun to get impatient to hear at least the sound of the stranger's voice in argument, if not, indeed, the display of his skill. It was on the third day of the examination of witnesses when one of those objections to the competency of evidence was made which lawyers designate as "fatal, if sustained." In support of their objections, counsel for the defendants proceeded with a learned argument and many citations of authorities were made which seemed couclusive. To various propositions advanced by counsel Judge Vann gave his assent, so that at the conclusion no debatable proposition seemed to remain, and it appeared that the defendants were about to walk out of the courtroom free men. Throughout the debate there was no change in the facial expression of the special counsel. He sat unmoved, save for his usual diligence in making notes. There was a full measure of self-satisfac-

tion displayed by the defendants' counsel when their last learned advocate resumed his seat to receive the congratulations of his associates and the visible approbation of others.

"Do counsel for the Government desire to be heard on this question?" Judge Vann inquired, and paused for an answer.

"Is it worth while? The court's mind is made up. I should like for you to answer the objections if it can be done," whispered the district attorney in despair to the special counsel.

"If your honor please," said Nathaniel McKindrey, as he arose. All eyes were rivited upon him. The officials of the court halted in their work; the judge leaned forward over his desk. The voice of the stranger had at last been heard, and it was pleasing. It was a clear, soft voice with distant articulation, and susceptible of that intense inflection that imparts new meaning to words and gives them a force they were not known to possess.

"He has composure, but what of his skill?" ran through the court-room as the lawyer welded his vision to that of the judge before beginning the debate. Then he continued:

"If your honor please, I was impressed with the diligent research made and with the arts of advocacy displayed by the distinguished gentlemen who made this objection and who have given their reasons for it. I quite agree with them that the question involves a rule of evidence of controlling force in the trial of this case. Nor will there be any controversy between us as to the logic of the cases cited or to their relevancy to questions like the one here presented. Indeed, I would consent that the objections be sustained but for the fact that an act of Congress,

passed since the rendition of the decisions in the cases gentlemen have cited, makes those cases without influence and concludes the court to the overruling of this objection."

He then gave a reference to the statute and read its provisions. When he concluded, Judge Vann observed: "Rules of evidence are proper subjects of legislation by Congress. The statute to which counsel has directed the court's attention is controlling. It was evidently made to fit cases of this kind. The objection will be overruled and the defendants allowed an exception. The district attorney will proceed with the examination of the witness."

When the court announced its ruling there was a burr of excitement throughout the court-room, but from his manner and the self-control with which he possessed himself one would not have suspected a moment after the ruling was made that the special counsel had been a participant.

And so it ran during the weeks. When it came to the discussion of the evidence, the district attorney, no longer insistent on the prerogatives of his office, prevailed on Nathaniel to close the argument. And how well it was done! For an entire day the salient facts were assembled, the false cast out and the truth displayed. When the jury retired for the night their conclusion was easily reached and when, on the following morning, a verdict of guilty was returned, comment was general that the Government would have been defeated but for the skill of the special counsel.

Meanwhile, outside the making of the court's record, many things were occurring. Reporters of the press were in constant attendance on the trial and gave extensive accounts of the proceedings. They

dwelt at length upon the achievements of the special counsel and, indeed, they flattered his efforts, making them appear better than they deserved. They reproduced snapshots of him and they made much of it when, in the cross-examination of Felix Honeyman, he traced the life of that man almost to the very hamlet in which Nathaniel McKindrey was born, a revelation startling alike to the defendant and the special counsel.

When the verdicts of guilty were returned the lawyers for the defendants presented motions for new trials, and Judge Vann made the announcement: "These motions for new trial will be taken up and disposed of one fortnight hence. In the meantime there is some civil work on the court's calendar which must be attended to. After the motions for new trial shall have been disposed of the others of these Government cases will be taken up and disposed of in the order of their setting. The court makes this announcement for the benefit of counsel, some of whom are here from a distance, that they may govern themselves accordingly. The bonds in the present cases are continuing, so that the marshal will not take the defendants into custody."

There was an intermission in the court's proceedings. The judge retired from the bench, the jury dissembled, the defendants were surrounded by groups of sympathizing friends, attorneys were getting together their books and papers and the counsel for the government were receiving congratulations.

Felix Honeyman stepped apart from the friends who surrounded him and approached Nathaniel. He extended his hand and said: "Mr. McKindrey, I shall bid you good-bye. I am very glad to have met you, but of course regret the circumstances. Will you be

so kind as to present my compliments to my old friends back home? While you may tell them of my misfortune now I hope you may be able, also, to tell them of my general success here. I also wish you to take back a testimonial of my regard for some of the people there. Since the trial of this cause disclosed to me your identity, I have had an opportunity to obtain from my trustee in your State deeds for certain lands made to you as trustee of the heirs of Michael O'Donnell and John Elsworth. The deeds direct you to convey the two farms which they describe, the one to the O'Donnell the other to the Elsworth heirs. The O'Donnell's, or some of them, have occupied the farms as my tenants for many years. They are honest and industrious people. As to the heirs of John Elsworth, I am not so well advised."

"His daughter, Cecelia, is living," Nathaniel answered as he took the deeds, and began to peruse their contents. He continued: "She is temporarily a member of my family, having come down from Grandfather's to be company for my wife during my absence."

"It has been many years since I heard of Cecelia, but during all that time, in moments of reflection it has been my pleasure to remember her as one of the noblest characters in all womanhood. And now since you tell me she is living, I am going to tell you of a great wrong I may have done her. She once lived at my house and her mail came to my office. Soon after she left us a letter came addressed to her, purporting to have been written by her brother, from somewhere in the South. The war was then over. All sorts of schemers and adventurers were abroad in the land, seeking to get some sort of foothold wherewith to retrieve their lost fortunes. The letter urged Cecelia

to come South and join the man who claimed to be her brother. At the time I did not know Cecelia's address. She had told us she had no brothers living, so I assumed that if she acted on the letter she was likely to be the victim of some sort of intrigue, and I answered the letter saying that the family of John Elsworth was dead; that in his last years he became financially involved and that I was the owner of the old homestead.

"I never heard from my letter, though it rather invited correspondence. It is possible the letter I got was from her brother. Indeed, I now have a suspicion that he may be still living. I have another commission I am going to ask you to perform, and it would be painful to me but for its consummation. Tell Cecelia that my daughter Felicity is at home with us; that her presence is a comfort to our family; that she has brought the spirit of the Saviour into our family circle and that she is a sweet, Christian woman. I cannot let the occasion pass without conceding to her the credit of being influential in having me execute these deeds. I wish to present her to you."

"If it is her pleasure I shall be pleased to meet her."

In a moment the introduction followed. The woman with the veiled face lifted the gauzy garment and disclosed her features. Her face was furrowed with deep lines. Her eyes displayed the lustre of extreme sincerity, and bespoke the presence of the Christian graces. In a voice sweet with gentleness she said: "I am pleased to know that Cecelia is living. Will you tell her for me that the spirit of her life has been my redemption, and that her good influence has reclaimed a soul to God? Tell her, also, that Mother joins me in the expression of my love."

It was now the turn of Nathaniel to be bewildered.

Many emotions perplexed him. Was there an ulterior purpose in all this? Was it all some sort of intrigue to involve his fidelity to the Government? The well-poised lawyer was there no longer. He knew there was a basis of truth in some of the things they had told him. The estimates given him of the O'Donnell children and of Cecelia were alike correct. He wished to aid the beneficiaries of the deed, but he must not confuse that desire with his duty to the Government. He stammered his answers and his embarrassment was perceptible.

But his confusion was not long continued. He determined to keep the deeds and report the entire transaction to the attorney-general, and then with the consent of that official he would confer with Judge Vann. He was sure there was no error in the record for which a new trial of the cause would be granted. He was persuaded that Judge Vann was an upright man and a learned lawyer. He was pleased that the incident occurred in the court-room; that it followed the trial of the cause; that so many people were present, a number of whom were witnesses to all that had been said and done.

Nathaniel bade all adieu, and was preparing to retire from the court-room when he was approached by a man of unusual height and weight. The stranger was full dressed in blue broadcloth bedecked with brass buttons. His hair was brown, dense, rather long, very curly and seemed to be quite well oiled, with some sort of fragrant essence. He wore a large moustache. His face was florid. His dark eyes, almost hidden beneath the heavy folds of flesh above and beneath them, were generously kind in expression. He had on a standing collar of immense proportions and a red tie large enough to furnish the banner for

an arena of matadors. His shirt front, conspicuous in its immaculate white and profusion of ruffles, was embellished with a huge pin of dull, yellow metal set off with a transparent article in green. His hands were bedecked with many jewels, and a long chain of ivory or celluloid, Nathaniel was not able to determine which, hung round his neck and secured in his pocket a silver timepiece of prodigious size. His feet were neatly shod on a large scale. His hat was a white sombrero. He was dignified, even approaching austerity in his manner.

"Judge McKindrey, sir, I believe," said the large gentleman, extending his hand, as he approached the special counsel.

"Nathaniel McKindrey, yes, sir," the latter answered, accepting the proffered hand.

"I am, sir, the Honorable Phoenix Coke, of Sand Bluff, Texas, and I have the honor, sir, to present to you Gen. Daniel Murphy, president of the International & Great Southern Railroad company, of which I have the honor, sir, to be the local counsel at Sand Bluff. I do not know the nature of the General's purpose in paying his respects to you at this time, but he did me the honor, sir, to ask me to present him, which I take great pleasure in doing. I can commend the General in the highest terms, sir. He is one of our distinguished citizens, a social leader, the bulwark of many charitable and benevolent enterprises and a prince in the financial world of Texas; a gentleman in all the name implies, sir."

Meanwhile the General stood with a half-quizzical, half-mortified expression on his face and with his hand extended, abiding the time when the Honorable Phoenix Coke should conclude his address.

"Gen. Murphy, I am pleased to meet you, sir,"

Nathaniel said, as he watched the falling inflection in the voice of the Honorable Phoenix Coke, and became persuaded that that gentleman was about to pause, at least for breath.

"Thank you, sir; and my compliments to you," the General replied. "The purpose of my calling is entirely personal. I observed in the newspapers, while you were engaged in the trial of these cases, that you came from Indiana, as special counsel for the Government."

"From Indiana, yes, sir," Nathaniel answered.

"Yes, sir," concurred the Honorable Phoenix Coke.

"Before the war I was engaged in the railroad service in your State on the White River & Northern. There was a station on that line known as Cold Creek Crossing, and near there resided some people named McKindrey. The senior was Joseph McKindrey, a one-arm man. He had two married sons, Samuel and James and a single son, Charles," said the General.

"Samuel McKindrey was my father," Nathaniel said.

"Well, sir, I am very glad to meet you; very glad." As the general spoke he again took Nathaniel's hand and shook it vigorously.

"Happy situation; happy situation!" the Honorable Phoenix Coke observed.

The General continued: "Cold Creek Crossing used to be a very dear place to me, sir. Your uncle Charles once saved the lives of me and my crew when we were about to become the victims of a wretched fellow named Bruce, who had planned to wreck our train. Then there lived at Cold Creek Crossing, a family named Elsworth—John Elsworth—consisting of the old gentleman and his wife; two sons, David and Marion and a daughter, Cecelia, now all deceased but the son Marion."

"No," interjected Nathaniel. "All dead but Cecelia."

"Cecelia living! What! That cannot be! Her brother informed me that she was dead. Her brother Marion is living. He is the vice-president and general manager of my railroad, and is interested with me in a number of enterprises."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Nathaniel, in amazement. Then he looked for Felix Honeyman, but that man and his party had retired from the court-room, and Nathaniel did not deem it proper to seek them further. He continued: "Miss Cecelia Elsworth is at this moment a member of my household. She lives regularly with my grandparents, but came down to be company for my wife during my absence."

"Well! well! well!" The General could not say anything else because of the confusion of his emotions. Finally he regained his composure and observed: "Mr. McKindrey, this is one of those occasions when one gentleman might be expected to say to another 'let's have something,' but I don't drink."

"Nor do I," concurred Nathaniel.

Both looked at the Honorable Phoenix Coke. His mouth was engaged in some suppressed contortions and there was an interesting glitter in his eye, but he never uttered a word.

Nathaniel explained to the gentlemen the preparations he had made for his return to his home on a train whose hour of departure was approaching. He again expressed his pleasure at having met them.

"And I, sir, shall cherish remembrance of this occasion," added the Honorable Phoenix Coke, as he extended his hand for the final parting. "I shall be pleased to have you all, both of you, call on me at Sand Bluff, where, as I said, I am local counsel for the

General's railroad, and, I may now inform you, for other vast corporate enterprises. You may not hesitate, sirs, for intruding on my time, for while I represent the vast interests I have mentioned, my engagement by them is evidence rather of their foresight than of my activity. I am the only gentleman of my profession at Sand Bluff, and it would be a great misfortune, I assure you, if any of these interests should need a lawyer's services at Sand Bluff and find me retained by their adversary.

"And you may be interested, gentlemen, in knowing the source of my title—a most distinguished honor, sirs; honor, wholly, I assure you. I was appointed by our excellent Governor a delegate to the Western irrigation congress. The position was honorable, purely honorable; purely honorable, I assure you. No renumeration attached. I should be pleased to show you the letter of our distinguished Governor conferring this honor upon me. For the time being, I shall say good day, sirs, good day. But before I part from you I must say, General, that I was very glad to have become acquainted with you at the door of the courtroom and to have had the honor, sir, of presenting you to Judge McKindrey, and as to you, Judge, my recollections shall ever be of the fondest. So good day, good day."

"If it is agreeable, Mr. McKindrey, I shall be pleased to go to the station with you," said the General. "My car is there waiting to be coupled onto the west bound train, which is due to arrive at the same time your train is due to depart for the east."

The men agreed that they would enjoy the outing of a walk to the place where they would take their trains. Nathaniel hurriedly paid his respects to the officials of the court, and he and the general departed

on their journey to the station, whither Nathaniel's baggage had previously been transported.

"And you tell me Marion Elsworth is living?" Nathaniel inquired as the two walked along.

"Yes, sir, a very live man," the General answered. "He has been very successful. At the outbreak of the war he caused me some embarrassment by his determination to go South with me when I returned to my native State, and the truth is I had to run away from him. But for that fact I should have returned to Cold Creek Crossing and bade the folks there a personal adieu instead of writing a letter to Miss Elsworth after I returned to Virginia. I often tried to dissuade the boy from his purpose, but to no avail, and it occurred to me if I paid a personal visit to Cold Creek Crossing and he should depart either with me or immediately afterward, that some might imagine I had enticed him away. But later he followed me to Virginia and held a clerical position in our service throughout the war.

"His brother David seems to have been one of our early prisoners, and he died of a fever with which he was afflicted at the time of his capture. Our family lost everything by the war of the rebellion, and when it was over I came west, where I saw great opportunities. I located in this State, returned to Virginia to bring mother and sister here, and have resided in Texas ever since. The opportunities I saw were for railroad construction and the development of property, and I entered heartily into the work. I was blessed with good fortune and it was my pleasure, before mother's death, to build for her and my sister the residence now occupied by Felix Honeyman.

"Marion Elsworth, still keeping up with me, duplicated my residence here with one down at Del Norte.

The only difference between the two houses was in the coloring of the stone, his being red while mine was brown. He was engaged to marry my sister, but she did not live long after mother's death and passed away before the date fixed for her wedding. Marion, like myself, has remained single. He lives in his house, has bachelor quarters there, and two or three of his business associates have apartments in it. There was nothing in it to me to have the worry of so large an estate for residence purposes, so I sold my house to Mr. Honeyman. A few days ago he told me if he met adversity in these court proceedings he wanted me to take the place back, as his family would go to Italy and remain till he was able to receive them. I half-way promised him I should do so, but I hesitate because I have no family and the place would be a poor investment, save as a home. What about your grandfather and his family?"

"Grandparents are both living. They are now more than ninety years old, but are hale and hearty. All their sons perished in the war. I was so young that, of course, I remember very little about it. I have a slight impression of having seen my father once, I do not remember my Uncle James or Uncle Charles, but I have quite a distinct remembrance of the burial of Uncle Charles, whose remains were sent home from the battlefield for temporary interment."

"You remember his burial?"

"Not entirely, but some of the incidents of it. I remember they draped his casket with the flag of his country and I thought that was very pretty. At the cemetery, when a guard of honor fired a salute over his grave, my grandfather wept. It was the first and only time I ever saw him shed a tear. It occurred to me that the soldiers had hurt him. I took them to

task for it, but they persuaded me I was mistaken, and we patched a truce which was symbolized by their giving me a bullet, which I still possess."

"At the time your Uncle Charles was killed his limbs and right arm were torn away by canister."

"I understood they were torn away, but I did not learn by what means."

"Yes, a Georgia battery did it. At that time I was in command of a brigade in the Confederate army. Your uncle led an assault upon our position that was one of the most heroic in the annals of war. His remains were recovered within our lines and under a flag of truce were turned over to his comrades for burial. I was not in his immediate presence at the time of his death, but I participated in the recovery and delivery of his body, and I had an opportunity to tell the commander of the Federal forces what I knew of your uncle and to suggest that the remains be sent home for interment."

"Well! well! well! General, I must repeat that I am very glad you called to see me. The information you give will be of great interest to grandparents and others back home."

"Now I have some documentary evidence you may mention, if you deem proper. When I fixed upon this morning to pay my respects to you I took this bit of evidence out of my vault where I keep it as a treasure, and brought it with me. Your uncle had pinned through the pocket of his shirt a badge of the medal of honor. Within that pocket and secured by the pinning of his badge, he had this picture."

The General passed a small and broken tintype to Nathaniel, who surveyed the picture and exclaimed: "Why, General, that is Cecelia Elsworth!"

"Yes. I know it is. Her name was marked on the

back of the picture as you find it there when I removed the picture from your uncle's pocket. You see, I knew Miss Elsworth very well before the war. Indeed, if it had not been for that she might have had the misfortune to be my wife."

"She looks very much like that picture today—as much as you can imagine. She hasn't aged perceptibly, so far as the usual traces of age are concerned. She is a little stouter than when that picture was taken and her hair is showing gray, but those are about the only changes. Cecelia has one of those fortunate dispositions that holds her to the doctrine that she isn't any older than she cares to be. She is as sweet as a rose and a very smart woman. We think lots of Cecelia."

"I should be glad if I were permitted to say it that I do, too. May I commission you to present my compliments to Miss Elsworth and to say to her that I shall be pleased to renew her acquaintance. I can furnish such reference as she and your family will probably require. I shall retain the picture. It is one of the treasures in my vault that makes the apartment in which it is kept inviolate to the interference of my secretary. He is a rather good-natured fellow, who, in the exuberance of his humor, and after I had once rebuked him for an inquiry, labeled that apartment: 'Sacred. Gen. Murphy's Life and Death Locker!' When Miss Elsworth wants the picture I shall be delighted to present it to her—of course in person."

"General, I shall bid you adieu, reassuring you of my pleasure in having met you. I shall be pleased to perform your commission. Two weeks hence I

shall return here and I hope we may meet again. Good-day, General!"

"Good-day, sir!"

The men cordially shook hands and separated.

CHAPTER XXII.

After Forty Years.

Nathaniel McKindrey barely caught the last trolley car out at night on his return home. When he alighted at his place, the hour of midnight had passed. In the receding light of the car the swirling snow was visible and a shallow garment of white covered the earth. Out of the windows of his home, effulgent rays of light dispelled the darkness and made his way clear. The shades were up and when the gate clicked behind him he saw through the curtains the forms of women hasten from the sitting-room to the hall door, for they had been telegraphed of his coming. At his first step upon the porch, the door opened and his wife and Cecelia Elsworth emerged to greet him. He was not astonished at the ardor of his wife for she, as he often expressed it, had never outgrown the sweetheart stage.

Cecelia's greeting was not one of affection, but its cordiality staggered him. They separated him from his baggage, his coat, hat and similar possessions, and had him seated in an easy chair before the fireplace without giving him an opportunity to realize the transformation. He received their congratulations, was informed as to the health and comfort of his family and then Cecelia, fairly dancing in front of him, ex-

claimed: "And you don't know what it all means to me! Do you care to read this?"

Quickly unfolding a telegram she placed it in his hand and he read it aloud, as follows:

"Del Norte, Tex., Dec. 4, 1903.

"Miss Cecelia Elsworth,

"Cold Creek Crossing, Ind.

"I have just learned that you are living and that you believed me dead. At the close of the war I wrote you, but the letter was answered by a man whose name I don't remember, saying all our family was dead and that he owned the old homestead. I accepted his statement as true. You can't imagine my joy to learn that you are living. What are your necessities? Your bad brother has been successful in business and what you want is yours. Let me know your address and where I can see you within the next two weeks. Wire your answer collect.

"Marion Elsworth.

"104 D. H."

"I can't imagine what that 'hundred and four' means, but I guess the D. H. is for 'do hurry' for I know just how Marion feels," said Cecelia, by way of apology for having received from her long lost brother a message containing the slightest ambiguity.

"No, Cecelia; that is not it. The 104 mean that there are one hundred and four words in the telegram, and the D. H. means that the message is sent dead head as a courtesy shown by the telegraph company to your brother, who is a man of prominence in Texas."

"Well, that makes me feel much better."

"Cecelia, I did not imagine my trip was going to

mean so much to you," Nathaniel said gravely, as he returned the telegram to her, "but now I'm going to disturb your rest for the night. Do you know who was on trial in Texas?"

"No, not Marion, I hope."

"No, neither Marion nor any of his associates is in any way involved in any of the cases. The defendants were Felix Honeyman, his son Hector and three others."

"What!"

"Yes. You remember them? They were convicted."

"Well! I'm sorry, but I'm not surprised. Mr. Honeyman and Hector! Poor Mrs. Honeyman! her cup has been a bitter one. They had a dreadful thing happen to them when they lived here. Their daughter eloped with a negro and was lost."

"She has returned to them. I met her. Her father commissioned me to say to you that Felicity—I believe that was the name——"

"Yes, Felicity."

"Was home with them; that she was their comfort in their trouble. She seems to be a noble, Christian woman and has brought the love of God into their household. He told me, also, to say to you that the making of this deed was due to the influence of Felicity."

Nathaniel drew from his pocket the deed, and read it, conveying the old Elsworth homestead to him as trustee for the heirs of John Elsworth, deceased.

"Why, Nathaniel! I can't believe it!" Cecelia exclaimed.

"Hold," Nathaniel responded. "Now you began this matter of showing documents. I'm not yet done with surprises for you. Here is a deed conveying the O'Donnell land back to his children."

"What! Well, now, isn't that splendid! Those children are on that farm yet. They always believed they would get it back. No one would ever buy it from Mr. Honeyman, for the word got out that he had no right to it, and this is his confession!"

"He explained to me the message you got from your brother. It was he who wrote your brother that you were dead. He asked me to seek your forgiveness for the wrong."

"Well! Indeed! Who ever heard of the like of all this?"

"But that isn't all. Now, I have one that I imagine you won't understand." Nathaniel looked at his wife and slyly winked, and then turning his vision upon Cecelia, he said: "I found a man down at San Pedro who had your picture in his pocket."

"My picture! Nathaniel McKindrey, you didn't do anything of the kind."

"But I did. He showed it to me. The story is too painful for me to jest about it. He took the picture from the remains of Uncle Charley on the battlefield. His name is Murphy—Gen. Daniel Murphy. He is president of a great system of railroads in the southwest and is worth millions, and your brother Marion is vice-president and general manager of the same company. He, too, is a man of great wealth. I saw the picture——"

Nathaniel halted abruptly. Cecelia's head had fallen over on her shoulder and her face had a deathly pallor. He sprang to her relief and his wife hurriedly obtained some remedies.

"Poor woman, she has fainted," Mrs. McKindrey remarked. "It is all too much for her. I feel so sorry. She has been so companionable and has been so interested in your work."

They bore her to a cot. Presently she recovered sufficiently to say: "I regret that I spoiled the plasure of Nathaniel's home-coming but I felt so ill. I'm better now. It won't last long. I'm getting better fast."

She struggled to her feet, and with the aid of Mrs. McKindrey resumed her chair.

"We shall all go and have luncheon. It's waiting for you; just something light, and then we'll all feel better," Mrs. McKindrey remarked.

"Was their ever a McKindrey who had a wife who didn't wait for his home-coming with a warm supper? Dear old Grandmother! Her example has spoiled all of you. Why, Ruth, there isn't one woman in a thousand would go to this trouble for her husband."

"Nathaniel, don't you remember that I've told you before who had charge of this house and that its manager wasn't Nathaniel McKindrey?" She placed her hands on her husband's shoulders, pushed him onward and into his seat and kissed him.

Cecelia smiled and observed: "The McKindreys made good wives out of the girls they marry, and they do it by being good husbands."

At the supper table and for an hour afterward, Cecelia asked many questions. She said it all seemed to her like a dream, and that she would not accept the word as true from anybody else than a McKindrey.

When told that Gen. Murphy desired to renew her acquaintance, her answer was: "I shall follow the advice of your grandfather as to that."

"Then the General will have to prove that he is a useful citizen. His wealth and position, alone, will not satisfy Grandfather," Nathaniel remarked.

"Isn't that true?" replied Cecelia.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Many Eventful Days.

Within the next seven months events crowded one another in the life of Nathaniel McKindrey. He had placed before the attorney-general the deeds tendered by Felix Honeyman to the heirs of Michael O'Donnell and to the heirs of John Elsworth, and the execution of those trusts had been completed with the approval of the department of justice. He had succeeded in convicting the last of the land thieves. The brother of Cecelia Elsworth had called at his home and met Cecelia. The brother and sister spent several days in happy communion with each other, and their correspondence had been frequent since his return to Texas. But consequences of his visit to Indiana had not ended with his meeting his long-lost sister. He had become acquainted with Eliza McKindrey, and the interest which they had awakened in each other was visible to their friends.

Nathaniel had made four trips to Texas, and on each of them he had been more or less in the company of Gen. Murphy. On the last visit Nathaniel had complied with the General's insistence, and they had spent a few days hunting and fishing in the mountains, after the last of the Government's cases had been disposed of. The General was an admirable host; his conversation was clean and his methods of life

appeared to be wholesome, but in wanting to hear and talk of Cecelia Elsworth he seemed to display the weakness of a boy possessed of some cherished desire. He had exacted the promise from Nathaniel that about the first of June he should become the General's host for a short time. The General wished to go to Cold Creek Crossing, call on Miss Elsworth and spend at least a day with the family of Joseph McKindrey.

The time for the General's visit had arrived. The situation seemed so interesting that Nathaniel took his family and drove out to his grandfather's for a June Sunday dinner, having previously arranged that his mother and sister should be there at the same time.

They were barely seated in the big living-room when Joseph McKindrey, looking critically at his grandson, inquired: "Nathaniel, what's up?"

"What's up? What do you mean, Grandfather?"

"Well, there's something up, Nathaniel, for you're all full of smiles."

Cecelia was busy putting away the hats and wraps of the visitors, and the five women were all talking at one and the same time, but withal the diverse attractions that beset her, Cecelia heard the conversation between the two men and her cheeks colored slightly as she caught the glance of Nathaniel.

"Matters of such great importance, Grandfather, that I can't disclose them all at once. I've got to lead you up to it gradually. I'll smile awhile first—isn't that the way to proceed, Cecelia?"

"Nat McKindrey, I want you to behave yourself," Cecelia remarked as she passed him.

Joseph looked in astonishment at first one, then the other.

"I'm all right now, Grandfather. Whenever they

call me Nat I'm on safe ground. I look out for trouble when they call me Nathaniel."

"It used to be that way when you were young, but that doesn't clear up matters now."

Meantime, Cecelia had disposed of her armload of trappings and was on her return trip from the closet. When she got near Nathaniel he disclosed to his grandfather in confidence, a confidence that all in the room could have shared, had they so desired, that Cecelia had a beau and that he was coming to see her.

"Well by Jewstifier! that explains it all. Cecelia always was of a cheerful disposition, and her songs hung on every bough of shrubbery about here, but recently she has been unusually happy. Why, here the other day I heard her whistling while she was churning, and I allowed that was the happiest woman I had ever seen up to that time."

"Whistling while she churned! She must, indeed have been full of happiness. I don't wonder that it attracted your attention, Grandfather."

"But it didn't stop at that! Yesterday I came by the henhouse and she was in there working with setting hens and singing! Now, a woman that can sing while she works with a setting hen must be chock full and brimming over with happiness."

"Almost beyond belief, Grandfather; almost beyond belief! But let me tell you about her beau. He's a big wholesome fellow; a six footer; clean as a ribbon and worth millions; made it all himself."

"Make it on the square?"

"Yes, sir. He builds railroads and develops new country."

"Tries to make a useful man out of himself? Well, that's the kind that counts."

"I think so. I've seen some of his properties. I've

seen the home in which I imagine he intends for Cecelia to dwell. He built it a number of years ago for his mother and sister. They died, and he sold the house to a wealthy banker and has now bought it back. He told me the last time I saw him he would not have repurchased the property if he had not learned that Cecelia was living."

"That looks like a hopeless case, but how did he come to know Cecelia?"

"He told me all about it. He was introduced to her years ago by Uncle Charley. Did you ever hear about Uncle Charley saving the lives of some railroaders before the war when a fellow named Bruce tried to wreck their train?"

"Indeed I did. It was down there at Cold Creek. A shiftless fellow named Bruce up-ended some ties in a culvert. Your Uncle Charley caught him in the act. He mauled Bruce within an inch of his life, and then rode old Kitty right down the railroad till he met the train and stopped it. They took Bruce up for trial and he confessed, but there wasn't any law against him except for trespassing, and it was out of that scrape the next legislature passed a law against train-wrecking."

"The conductor of that train is now Gen. Daniel Murphy, president of the International & Great Southern Railroad. You can learn the rest of it when he gets here."

"Well, I suppose I better try to find out something about the young man when he calls." Joseph slyly poked Nathaniel with a cane, crumbled some home-twist tobacco into his pipe, and continued: "Whenever a man gets so he doesn't love the soil I get suspicious of him, for the earth is the mother of us all. So, I'll just ask the young man a few questions about

his mother, and if he has lost interest in his mother I reckon we better keep Cecelia here where she has a comfortable home and kind treatment."

"Capital idea, Grandfather, capital!"

"Why don't you men quit bothering Cecelia? Joseph, I haven't seen you act up so in years." As Phoebe McKindrey spoke she endeavored to appear serious.

"I'm not saying a word against Cecelia; am I Nat?"

"Not a word, Grandfather."

"I was just arranging in my own mind a few questions to ask the General about his mother. I'll ask him a few of those questions that disturb farmers."

"That's the idea. But if he does with you as he did with me he won't do much except ask questions about Cecelia. Oh, he did tell me he hadn't given any time to social obligations since the death of his mother, and that there were many charities and benevolences he ought to aid but he had neglected them because he hadn't the opportunity to direct his efforts toward them in a proper way. He wanted to know if Cecelia was the same kind-hearted, generous girl she used to be. He told me she used to teach a class in the Sunday-school, and that he had sung with her in church. He even asked me how she would like to live in his house which he showed me. I made him very happy when I answered as to how she would get along in that palace he calls his home, for I said to him 'Why, General, in that house Cecelia would become the queen of Texas.' It was easy for me to answer his questions favorably to Cecelia, for I had only to tell the truth. I look for him here most any day."

Meanwhile Nathaniel took a survey of the subject he had so highly commended to the General. He had

never seen her look more interesting than now. About five feet in height, of naturally a slender frame which had begun to fill out, her form would be called plump but not stout. Her luxuriant growth of brown hair was slightly streaked with gray. Her eyes had the sparkle of youth. Her cheeks were full and modestly tinted with red. Her mouth, with even teeth of pearly whiteness, was enclosed with arched lips, still ruby. A more dainty hand and foot were seldom seen. She wore a plain dress of pale blue linen with white cuffs, a turnover collar and a light tie. The recent happy events had brightened her life, and Nathaniel concluded that he would make good to the General if he could only see her at this moment while those mischievous little curls hung above her temples.

Joseph McKindrey proposed that Nathaniel join him in a stroll over the farm, and they were preparing to leave the house when an automobile stopped at the front gate and two gentlemen alighted. They quickly removed their dusters and discarded their caps for silk hats. It was not until they entered the yard that Cecelia recognized the shorter of the two as her brother Marion, and when she announced that fact Nathaniel looked through the open window to discover Gen. Murphy immediately following Marion Elsworth toward the house. He whispered the announcement to those in the room, and arising advanced to the door to greet the guests.

Cecelia had not tarried. She ran down the walk and a moment later was in her brother's arms, half weeping, half laughing with joy at his coming. While the brother and sister were engaged in their greetings Nathaniel advanced to the General and conducted him into the house, where introductions followed. Presently Marion and Cecelia entered.

"Sister, may I present Gen. Murphy?" Marion asked, as he, with Cecelia clinging to his arm, approached the General.

"Gen. Murphy," said Cecelia, extending her hand.

"Miss Elsworth," the General responded, "I cannot tell you how delighted I am to meet you. Really I should have known you had I met you anywhere. You look just as you did when I last saw you."

"Thank you, General, but I must make some allowance for your kindness. I should have changed some, for it is forty years since you saw me," Cecelia answered.

"So long as that? I have not permitted myself to count the years, for however long it may have been the memory of our last meeting has ever been so cherished by me that it is seemingly as fresh as if it occurred a short time ago. And I need not ask how you have been since that last meeting, for your appearance tells me."

"Oh, my life has had its share of vicissitudes. I lived so long unconscious of my brother's existence, and so many things have come to me within the last few months through the skill of Nathaniel in his profession that I really am confused and don't know when to look for the end of new emotions. My life here with Father and Mother McKindrey has been very happy."

"For which I am truly glad. Mr. and Mrs. McKindrey have made amends for the shortcomings of some of the rest of us—shortcomings that are attended with apologies. Your brother Marion had advices which seemed credible that you were not living. Because of those advices, I confined my efforts to the faithful care of this picture."

Withdrawing from a vest pocket memorandum book

a broken tintype, the General displayed it to Cecelia and to the others. "I shall retain this," he continued, "for the good it has done me for so long a time."

Cecelia's face colored perceptibly, and she looked inquiringly to her brother for instruction.

"It has been our community picture, Cecelia," Marion said. "The General has kept it in his possession, but I have seen it many times. No, we can't part with that picture."

"Come, be seated," Nathaniel interrupted. "I have left it to you, General, to tell my grandparents how that picture came into your possession. "

"And while you are so engaged we women folks will finish getting dinner," said Cecelia. "Come with us to the kitchen, Marion. I remember how you used to sit on the woodbox in the kitchen at home when Mother and I were at work, and we have just as good quarters here as you had there. Indeed, we'll spare your pride and your Prince Albert by furnishing you a chair instead of a woodbox. Get that other arm, Eliza, and let's to the kitchen with the vice-president and general manager of the Great—What-Is-It?—Railroad."

"I'm not railroading to-day, so I'll not answer," Marion replied.

"No, you're being railroaded," Eliza retorted, as, taking his idle arm, she and Cecelia galloped to the kitchen with their captive.

Gen. Murphy looked at the disappearing figures as if he should have enjoyed sitting on the woodbox, too, but not having received an invitation he seated himself with Nathaniel and his grandparents and Nathaniel's mother, and related to them the story of Major McKindrey's death, the finding of the picture and the return of the remains to Cold Creek Crossing

for burial. The scene that attended the narration was one of intense emotion. The grief of Phoebe McKindrey could not be suppressed. It was not until the General drew from his pocket the badge of the medal of honor and tenderly pinned it on the bosom of the venerable woman that the emotions of the old man forced expression in a quivering lip and some straggling tears.

"Charles was only one of three sons we gave to the cause of principle," Joseph said, speaking with marked deliberation. "We believed that all men were created free and equal; that no man should own another or govern him without his consent, and that in our country no set of men should have rights or privileges that were denied to others. We believed in a universal suffrage of free, intelligent and patriotic men. But aside from the emancipation of the negro I sometimes think the sacrifice was made in vain."

"It was indeed a terrible conflict," the General observed. "I think on the whole its effect has been beneficial."

"But the results have not been as good as they could and should have been. The negro was not prepared for suffrage—he isn't now."

"I think that is true. In some of the Southern States, following reconstruction, the negroes got control of the general assemblies. Either because of their ignorance or their moral obliquity they bartered away public rights and imposed burdens by taxation that were utterly destructive of property. Indeed, under the negro laws of taxation the ownership of property became the means of its owner's destruction. A man could not pay his taxes and live. It was better not to own property. The States were reduced to the necessity of repudiating their debts.

"Added to that misconduct of public affairs many negroes began to practice acts of outlawry. Larceny, rapine and murder flourished. The white men were driven by necessity to the use of force to retake the administration of affairs into their own hands. The result was some dark pages of history. But the questions are now fairly well settled save that we must continue vigilant, and solicitude for the protection of our females must be constant."

"No, General, I do not so regard it," Joseph answered. "There is a suffrage hostility between the white South and the negro, wherever he may be, that prevents both elements from exercising their suffrage patriotically and for the public good. Regardless of the issue that may be presented, the white South votes blindly anti-negro and the negro, wherever he may be, votes blindly anti-South. The result is we have both a geographical and a radical servitude in our suffrage. Political prejudice is an ignorant chap, pig-headed and brutal, and he makes a hard taskmaster. He is today keeping the South out of its full and just participation in the affairs of the nation. It is only the white man of the North who is in a position to cast a free and untrammeled vote. The white people of the South like their section and they chose to remain there, but the negro of the South migrates to the North.

"Wherever he goes he carries with him his bias and prejudice. His vote is not in fact his own. If he had sufficient intelligence and a moral standard equal to the duties of citizenship, he would nevertheless vote as his prejudices should dictate, so that his ballot would go to the man or interest that could best poison his mind, rather than to the man or interest that could most worthily inspire his patriotism. The negroes migrate to the North in suffi-

cient numbers to wield the balance of power in enough legislative and congressional districts to control Congress. A Congress that is not elected by a patriotic suffrage cannot be expected to be inspired by patriotism in the performance of its duties. It all means that Congress cannot and it does not perform its duties from patriotic impulses alone. It may put through schemes, or be sightless in the presence of what it should see, or it may be remiss in the correction of known abuses, and for its immunity rely upon racial prejudices to protect it from the wrath of the people. It is hard for parents to give up the lives of their sons for such results."

"It had not occurred to me in that light," said the General.

"But it has to me," Joseph answered. "In fact, it worries me when I think of the price my family has paid for its principles and what we are getting for what we have given up. We have now what may be called three great political parties—the Cockscombs, the Larkspurs and the Patronymics.

"The Cockscombs believe in individualism, restrained only by the evolution of society along moral and intellectual lines—the individual giving up only such of his rights and opportunities as are inconsistent with the public welfare. They believe in equality before the law, in equal rights to all and special privileges to none. They believe that the people are the source of government, and that from them ascend upward the rights and powers of government, to be exercised only for the common welfare of all the people.

"The Larkspurs believe that the rights and privileges of citizenship descend downward from the Government. They believe that the Government may and should grant rights and privileges to some which

it denies to others. They believe in the centralization of power and privilege in the favored few at the expense and burden of the masses.

"The Patronymics, like the Larkspurs, believe in the centralization of power, but they believe that individual opportunity should go with it, and that the centralization should be in government rather than in the classes. There are many who look upon the policy of the Patronymics as they look upon alms-houses and prisons—not as desirable, but as matters of ultimate necessity. I have always believed that all men should have an equal opportunity, and I am therefore opposed to the centralization of power and privilege either in favored classes or in the general Government. If we continue in our present course it seems to me a revolution either by ballot or by war is only a question of time, and that the present situation is perilous to our country. But in feeling this way possibly my age is against me. I get comfort in thinking of the past; in talking of things I used to cast off lightly and, thus, I find myself living in the years that are gone."

"The truth is I have not given the thought to the subject that its importance merits," the General ventured.

"I sometimes think there are only two classes of thoughtful men—those who are the masters of power and those who are utterly without power. The great middle class is unthinking."

"How do you believe the centralization of power in the favored classes is accomplished?" the General asked.

"Now, I can't argue that question, for they tell me it is too deep for a common man to understand," Joseph answered. "I can only tell you how it looks to me. Suppose you own a horse and wagon that you

are going to let me take to earn my living in your service. If I should go out and raise money on your property by the sale of securities representing its value, you would have me punished. Now wouldn't you?"

"I should try to do so."

"And if I charged you for my service enough over and above just wages to make you pay off the debt I'd put against your property, you'd be very much put out, I reckon."

"I undoubtedly should not permit such an outrage to be practiced against me."

"But, suppose, instead of its being a horse and wagon, that you own a city with all its streets and alleys, and you grant me the use of your streets and alleys to make my living in your service. If I should go out and raise money on your property by the sale of securities against it, you'd feel pretty much like you did about your horse?"

"The physical difference in the property involved does not affect the principle."

"Again, if I should charge you enough over and above fair compensation, that I'd be able to take your money and pay off the debts I'd put against your property, you wouldn't feel any better than you did before, would you?"

"No, sir, that would be infamous."

"But, suppose, instead of a horse and wagon or the streets of a city, it is a market you own, and you grant me the right to make my living in your service by the use of your market. If I'd go out and sell securities representing the value of your market and would stick the money in my pocket, and then make you pay off the debt by my overcharging you for my

services, I reckon you'd think it was another case of horse and wagon."

"Why, I should certainly go and reclaim my property and break up the plans of such a robber as that."

"No, you wouldn't. That's what I thought I'd do, but I learned something. In the last few years I had two experiences I want to tell you about. The first one was when they proposed to organize a company to build a trolley line out this way. We needed the trolley line, and several of us farmers were asked to come into town to help the enterprise. Down at the meeting they had a lawyer, and he was what they called a pretty smart fellow. He said it would take $15,000 a mile to build a line and start the cars. He said we should put in $5,000 a mile cash; that we should charge up $5,000 a mile for our time, risk and skill and then add on $10,000 a mile for our franchises, which took in the right to use country highways and the streets and alleys of cities.

"These three items added together made $20,00, and we should mortgage the property for that sum and sell the securities. The lawyer said we would have to divide up with the bond-buyers; that they would let us have only $10,000 a mile for the $20,00 a mile securities, but he said the $10,000 we got from the bond-buyers and the $5,000 a mile we put in ourselves would build the line and start the cars a-running. Then, he said, we could raise the fare high enough to pay off the mortgage, and we would have the road clear for our profit, and it would make big earnings besides. I asked him if those streets and highways we were going to run over didn't belong to the public, and he said they did, and I told him I wasn't used to borrowing money on other people's property, and I

pulled out. Now, did I do right or wrong about that?"

"You did not follow the custom of the country, but your course was morally correct."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that. In this day and age so many fellows are getting their morals out of the law books instead of out of the Bible that some of us old-fashioned people don't know how to do business any more. Why, I ups and told that lawyer, just about as you told me, that I'd go and take back the property, if I was the public. And he said it couldn't be done on account of the case down at Dartmouth college. He tried to tell us what that case was. There was so much learning put in between the first and last of it that a plain man can hardly get the drift of what the court must have said, but as I gathered it the sum and substance was that a rascal caught plundering public rights was entitled to continue unless he otherwise became a criminal.

"He said the Supreme Court of the United States decided the case, and I told him if the Supreme Court was declaring principles of that kind for the government of this country it was in mighty small business. Why, that lawyer pretty near broke up the meeting, taking time to tell us about such being the law and it couldn't be changed because the Supreme Court in judging was the equal of Congress in legislation, and the Court had held such to be the only kind of law we could have under our Constitution."

"I confess I never heard the matter stated as you state it."

"Well, maybe I'm not right in my opinions. You know country people are largely brought up to look at things not from the side of learning, but from the side of what's right and what's wrong. Maybe I got the wrong impressions from that lawyer. I set him

down as being a scholar rather than a student. He knew so many things and did not know why he knew them. A teacher of that kind makes skeptics of his pupils."

"After all, there is no standard so good as the moral standard."

"I hope so. Now, as to my other experience. It wasn't long after the trolley meeting till I was asked by another set of men to come into town and help them organize a company to put up a little steel mill, and I went down to the meeting, as I couldn't see any horse and wagon or streets and alleys in the new proposition. But after I got there it was pretty much the same sort of scheme. They were going to put in a small capital and sell securities for the balance, and charge up to the people who used their goods the amount needed to pay off the securities and then have the mill left for profit.

"Their lawyer began by saying he would make us all rich if we would let him. He said the value of their securities depended on the tariff laws which gave them a monopoly of the public markets. Well, that looked to me like another case of horse and wagon, and I said so. The lawyer told us of one big industry of the kind we were thinking about, that had a margin of $400,000,000 of what he called water. He said that margin did not cost its owners one cent of money, but that they got 5 per cent earnings on it every year. I just threw off a fourth of his estimate and figured on the balance of $300,000,000 at 5 per cent, that it would earn $15,000,00 a year. At $5 a day for each man the $15,000,000 will hire 10,000 men to work 300 days in the year. Now, if I can get 10,000 men to work for me 300 days in the year, and it costing me nothing, how long will it be till I own

money enough to make me a menace to the liberties of men? And that lawyer told me that they sustained their monopoly of the market by having friends in both houses of Congress."

"As you see it, then, it will require an amendment of the Federal Constitution to get rid of one set of abuses and some correct legislation by Congress to get rid of the other. Isn't either prospect hopeless?"

"I have great confidence in the people. What we need is a more enlightened and conscientious suffrage. I believe there are enough honest white men to put an end to abuses, and I fear we will have to get rid of the negro. I should like to see them colonized on a basis of justice in the native country of their race, where they might work out their destiny as the races of other colors have done and are doing. And for our own people we must get back to the principle for which my sons gave their lives to the country—equality before the law. We must act in the light of wisdom and patriotism. We are getting too many miserable people. Charity toward them will not correct the wrong. No man ought to be in a position to dole out existence to another from whom opportunity has been taken. Do you believe the colonization of the negro is the remedy?"

"I think the people who profit by an ignorant suffrage would oppose the plan, and I believe the people of the South, on account of the labor question, would be hostile. The truth is, the people of the South are not educated up to a standard of life independent of the negro. I can see merit in your belief, however, that we must have that change or a worse one."

"First call for dinner in the dining-room! See, how the force of habit affects us railroad people!" called out Cecelia, as she came tripping into the room.

"Marion salted and spiced with railroad talk every article of food we prepared. I guess I called the announcement in the proper manner, General?"

"Admirable," he answered. "And I believe the rocking of the train makes it necessary for me to tender my arm to the lady to the dining-room," he added laughingly.

"You think I might get bumped if I should not take your arm, General?" she inquired as she accepted his arm and responded to his smile.

After dinner the General and Cecelia, Marion and Eliza took a stroll through the forests and fields. They had not returned when Nathaniel and his family departed for their home. During the week that followed the two couples spent their time alternately at the old homestead and at Nathaniel's. When the time came for the departure of the guests Cecelia had reduced the General to the ranks as "Danny," and he, in turn, was addressing her as he addressed her at the pines when they longed for a mishap to Phil. Harrity and No. 2.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Some Problems in Unity.

Squire Peter Downey was stocky built and rawbowned. He had red hair, a florid complexion, a slight growth of mustache, light gray eyes, a high tenor voice and a smiling countenance. His was the blacksmith shop at Cold Creek Crossing. When not otherwise engaged he worked at the forge. There was no one who could shoe a horse better than he. This the squire admitted. In the rear of his shop he had a woodworking department, where he made wagons, plows and other implements. Adjoining his blacksmith shop he had a room where he held forth as a carpenter, and at odd times in the summer he built houses and barns. He always did his own painting, glazing and paper-hanging. His aptitude in the use of tools made him fairly proficient as a barber, and he could do upholstering in a small way.

Outside of politics his faith was about equally divided between his hands and his God, for he was firm in the belief that what one could not do the other would. His opportunities for "mental larnin'," as he called it, had been scant, and he had made up the deficiencies in that respect, which he knew he had, by proficiency at the manual arts. He was the

utility man of the community. In his younger days he whittled a watch-chain out of the stones of peaches, and he wore it with just appreciation on Sundays for many years. It was told of him that he once directed the funeral of a friend, and as a pulpit orator he was not without the grace of vehemence, which counted for much among a class of country people. He had been the precinct committeeman of the Larkspur party and a justice of the peace from a time "when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." He was a good-hearted old soul, who never injured anything but the English language. His assaults on it were as merciless as they were frequent.

Nor was the Squire given to mere grammatical perversion. He had some sort of aptitude for presenting rare words, unknown to the lexicographers, and giving them a meaning from which those who knew the Squire were able to figure out what he meant to say. And his qualities were strong, too. Even his dear old wife, Nancy, a walking and talking emblem of humility, voiced his speech and aided and abetted his abuse of the king's English. The Squire was not an old soldier—how could he be expected to be and do everything—and when, during the war of the rebellion, drafts were made for men, she sought everybody's commiseration in the event "Peter should be grafted."

Many were the happy hearts the Squire had united in wedlock, and it pleased him to know that "none o' my weddin's has ever turned out bad." The ceremonial he used was of his own construction, and, while it was not as pretty as some, "it done the work an' arter all that's what's wanted." But the Squire's happiest moments, the one great day of each year,

was when he presided over "the watermelon brigade," a reunion of old settlers and old soldiers which for a quarter of a century had been held each August in O'Donnell's grove.

And what a beautiful grove it was! And what trees! The titanic oak—white, black and red—had grown so long and so tall that their peaks were bare, like the crown of a baldheaded man! The gray ash and the black hickory, majestic in symmetry and height, strove to cap the forest, while far, far above the earth was the delicate foliage of the black walnut. There were beech trees and elm, maple and gum, wild cherry and the stately sycamore with its immaculate crest and pea-green limbs. All these were there in their primitive planting, but they were a second to the rugged yellow poplars that towered to the very door-sills of heaven to tender their tulip buds to the angels. In so great a forest there are few small trees, and so it was at O'Donnell's.

The grove was south and a mile east of Cold Creek Crossing. The surface of the ground was undulating, and near the center of the grove was a basin comprising some five acres—a natural ampitheatre. In the center a platform was constructed, in the rear of which was a long bench, occupied by the patriarchs and the "performers." The exercises always began at 9 a. m. and continued until noon, when basket dinners were spread by the families in the grove. And those basket dinners! They did not merely satisfy the consumer; they gratified him and furnished him pride in his gratification; they made him marvel at his capacity until astonishment became a burden. There were butter and bunns; jellies and jams; fried chicken; pickles and preserves; custards, cakes and pies.

The dietary was divided into three parts: First, the consumer ate till he was satisfied; second, he continued eating till his hostess was satisfied he was not slighting her culinary attainments. The third and last stage began after the guest had become entirely miserable. He was then informed that "this is Betty's pie," and Betty had to be respected. He was introduced to Nellie's cake, and homage was due to Nellie. Tilly's preserves, Elizabeth's pickles, Ethel's salads, Maude's custards and—but the unhappy wretch had long been indulging the wish that there were more boys and less girls in the family, and while he tried to be and appear pleasant he was, in fact, dividing his time between marveling at what he had alreay done and wondering when he would finally recover.

There is an unwritten law that no speaker shall ever utter a falsehood at an old settlers' meeting, and many remarkable exploits are born to this license. The rule is one that is enforced. They enforce it by belief. If the words of the speaker get utterly beyond the comprehension of truth, the auditors "jist listen but don't hear the speaker," to quote the solution offered by Squire Downey.

It was there that old acquaintances were renewed and new ones formed. There were speeches and "just talks," songs and "exercises," the latter including essays and declamations by children. Usually, the ancient arts were exemplified and those that were useful were displayed in detail by the old women. An old fiddlers' contest was a part of the ritual, and there the youngster heard "Granny, Will Your Dog Bite?" "Rye Straw," "Weevily Wheat," "Billy Boy," "The Arkansas Traveler," and other olden time melodies from the fiddles of long-haired men, who in their youth were artful in trapping the malodorous skunk

or in digging the twangey ginseng. Deeds of valor were related by the old soldiers, and in campaign years "the candidates" were present to award their prizes to the oldest or the youngest; to the fattest baby, the prettiest girl, as determined by lot, and to the homliest man.

At such a place on the afternoon of an even-tempered day in August, Squire Peter Downey advanced to "the speaker's rail" and pitching his fine voice to a high key called out: "Now, my friends and neighbors, I ask your attention to the program of exercises for this afternoon. The first thing will be what is called a do-it by my dorters, Midge and Peggy, 'titled 'The Last Rose of Summer is Bloomin' at Home.' "

"Alone!" interrupted Miss Midge Downey, by way of prompting her father.

"I stand c'rected," said the Squire. "'The Last Rose of Summer is Bloomin' at Home Alone.' Of course anything that is goin' on at home this afternoon is goin' it alone, or at least it orter be, for this is the twenty-fifth reunion of the old settlers and the old soldiers of this community, an' everybody is here an' them as ain't will be found in bad company. I hope you'll enjoy this song. The first time I heard it I didn't jist quite appreciate it. At the end of the first week I was purty well 'quainted with all its fine points and it seemed mighty good singin' to me. At the end of the second week I was purty certain I had heerd the song afore. At the end of the third week I'd begun to think I could sing the song myself, for'ard, back'ard or begin in the middle an' sing it both ways at once an' now I feel like sayin' to you, my friends and neighbors, from this time for'ard the song's yourn. Any old fiddlers what knows what they call the chorus to this song is entitled to partici-

pate. While the old fiddlers is a primin' up I'll say, by way o' keepin' down your disap'intment, that my dorters can't sing as well on a full stummick as they can afore eatin', an' everybody knows we've all just got up from one of the most glorious basket dinners as was ever spread under the shadders of these lofty trees.

"After the singin' there will be an address by Mr. Brutus Hornblower, the lawyer, entitled 'Why Not.' I don't know jist what turn he's goin' to take under the broad an' expansive title of his subjic, but I want to say to you, he has argied cases in my court amany an' amany a time, an' I'll tell you now if he is as able on 'Why Not' as he is on pleadin' and practice in my court you'll surely be mystified. As you all know, Mr. Hornblower is a candidate for prosecutin' attorney, an' his remarks will not be long but will be a sort o' consequence to some o' the good things we heard this mornin'. After the speech we will have a sort of counteract to the old fiddler contest of this mornin', an' it will be what is called a violin recital. Now, my friends an' neighbors, as you know, I'm no great shakes at music myself, but as I understand the difference a fiddle is played by an old man an' a violin by a young one. Master Fritz Hansen will play the violin. After that the exercises will be ketch as ketch can, an' no tellin' what'll happen. Now if everybody is ready we'll have the song."

The Squire returned to the bench at the rear of the platform and was seated. His daughters, the Misses Midge and Peggy, who had been seated among the "performers" on the platform, arose, advanced to the speaker's rail, made the conventional courtesies of such occasions and sang with sweet effect their num-

ber on the program, "The Last Rose of Summer is Blooming Alone."

"That was purty good if I do say it myself," remarked the Squire. "An' I want to say to some o' you young fellers them girls can keep house as well as they can sing. Next is Mr. Hornblower, who never needs no introducin' to nobody."

Mr. Brutus Hornblower was a young man, much heavier in build than Squire Downey, with a deep, resonant voice, a heavy mustache and a very dark complexion. He advanced to the front of the platform, and paid a worthy tribute to the old settlers and old soldiers and predicted a glorious destiny for our country. In concluding his remarks he said: "And 'Why Not?' The tribute I have paid to the old settlers and the old soldiers brings me to the conclusion, 'Why Not?' As you know we are about to elect again for four years a man to occupy the presidential chair, founded by the noble, great, immortal one, George Washington, of Philadelphia, and occupied since then by the most illustrious sons of America. The question arises and is to be answered, Why Not?' Do you know what answer should be given? I do and I will tell you.

"Why not keep in power for all time even till the stars of the eternal heavens fade; why not continue forever the custody of that sacred chair in the Larkspur party? Did not the Larkspur party preserve to us this glorious and united nation? They tell us there is wrong doing in high places and they demand a change. But I tell you a complete answer to that is, there would be no high places but for the Larkspur party. For four years it gave it's best blood and most heroic effort to the destruction of Cockscombs. Its valor and its virtue, alone, saved the day.

The Cockscombs were everywhere, here, there, elsewhere, seeking to destroy the Union. In those days to find a Cockscomb was to find an enemy of his country. We would not be worthy sons of these illustrious forefathers if we did not prolong the struggle. There are great economic questions to be settled, it is true, but their importance pales into insignificance before the great light of this great truth that all loyalty, all patriotism, now as then, is confined to the Larkspur party. Let the economic questions be solved as those who are interested would have them solved. For me, consecrate to my best ideals the Declaration of Independence, the master production of Thomas Jefferson, of New York, and to quote the language of Patrick Henry, that illustrious, that famous, that daring, that patriotic son of Boston, give me the Union or give me death."

The speaker mopped his brow and retired, and Squire Downey, looking over the listless audience, observed: "Well said! Well said! It's a pity we can't have more speeches made on rock-ribbed love of country. But it seems like them as makes speeches on politics is like the preachers in gettin' away from the question of eternal truth. How long since we heard a good old-fashioned, hair-raisin' sermon on hell an' damnation? So with them as argy politics. Insted o' talkin' to us on rally 'round the flag, they talk to us on questions o' bankin' an' the tariff. Why, friends an' neighbors, so long as you got an' ole sock or a tin can you don't care nothin' about bankin', an' as to the tariff, I'll bet if you went to the store to buy one you wouldn't know whether the storekeeper was goin' to measure it off to you with a yardstick or pour it out in a quart cup. As for me, I say give the people light on things they know something about. The

next thing on the program will be the violin recital."

Master Hansen was a bright-faced German boy whose parents had but recently migrated from the Fatherland and located on a farm near Cold Creek Crossing. They were companionable Germans, and readily entered into the better purposes of the neighborhood. Fritz and his violin had already become locally famous. On this occasion he rendered a classical selection, and then enthused his auditors with a medley of Yankee Doodle and Dixie.

In the meantime Squire Downey had discovered Nathaniel McKindrey in the outskirts of the audience. He said: "Friends and neighbors, I'm glad I told you that in the mis'laneous exercises no one could tell what would happen, for I'm now able to promise you something better than any of us expected. I see Nat McKindrey has come fetchin' his folks an' some strangers. We still look on Nat as one of our boys an' are proud of him. Come up here Nat an' make a speech and stop shakin' your head that way. Nat don't seem to want to come, so I'll jist ap'int his Grandpap to fetch the young feller up where his old friends can see him if not hear him. Uncle Joe, do you hear your duty?"

"I'll try," answered Joseph McKindrey, as he retired from the platform and approached his grandson, who, after what appeared to be an inaudible protest, ascended the platform with his grandfather.

The Squire continued: "Nat never comes to us but he brings something good. Look at what he's done for this locality. Last year the Gov'ment sent him down southwest to ketch some land robbers. Nat got all of 'em in the pen'tentiary, got back all they'd stole, and even restored this very woods to the children it belonged to, and got back for Celie Elsworth

her pap's old homestead. Nat's one o' the kind o' men a community can allus afford to foller. His pap was as fine a man as give up his life for his country, an' now, Nat, we want to hear something from you, for we know you'll give us what's uppermost in your heart an' it will do us good."

The Squire and Joseph McKindrey by this time had Nathaniel in the foreground, and he was presented to the audience.

"My friends," he began in that clear and well articulated voice, noted alike for its gentleness and its force, "if all the virtues of citizenship be confined to the generation of old settlers and old soldiers, as some of the speeches made here this afternoon suggest, then I do not know why you should wish one of my age to speak to you, unless you seek an example of the frailties of youth. I am neither an old settler nor an old soldier. I believe it serves no good purpose to make comparisons between fathers and sons as classes, though the lives of our fathers should be our example, and that the error is a grave one when it discredits the generation of sons. Their future lies before them and discouragement will not aid them to work out the problems that confront them. It is true that we owe much to our fathers. They hewed these beautiful farms out of the wilderness. They harnessed the fertility of the soil in the service of man. They gave us our system of education and religion. They created and installed methods of internal improvement. They designed our system of government with its many details.

"These things they did and many more, and all were done so well that when I stand at the footstool of my fathers I feel myself in the presence of an heroic set of men. Nor would I detract from the honors to

which they are entitled by conceding that their sons are unworthy of so grand a parentage. The greatest duty the fathers had to perform was to bring up their children in such manner that they would be good men and women and capable citizens. You cannot persuade me that the fathers were deficient in abilty to see their greatest duty, or that they were so inapt as that they gave their efforts to the smaller affairs of life and were either incapable or neglected to perform the greatest one. The worth of future citizenship will be measured, not by what our fathers have done, but by what we shall do. The situation implies progress. We must not turn this nation over to our posterity in the same condition that our fathers left it to us, but we must make it better and enlarge its purposes to the greater amelioration of humanity.

"To do this best we must sacredly conserve certain standards. The first of these is that we must be truthful to ourselves and to one another, for truth is the nursery of justice; the second is that we must not dwell in the past as our fathers may do, but that we shall move in the direction of the rising sun and measure our capacity by the hours of labor of a new day. We may analyze our perspective by the examples of the past, but we can best comprehend our duty only as we qualify those examples by the progress of the human race, conceding to evolution the merit with which God endowed it.

"It was because of these principles that I gave patience to the address of a gentleman who has preceded me on this platform, and patience was required, because I love the truth and we all must love it. I shall not bring before you any new field of research, but with your consent I shall explore one to which he called your attention when he told you that the

friends of our country could be distinguished from its enemies by their political affiliations. He told you that all Larkspurs were patriots; that all Cockscombs were hostiles, that they sought to destroy our Government and that all of them should have been shot. It was my misfortune, perhaps, to have been born at a date so late that I could not be a soldier, and I am not, for that reason, able to controvert the truth of his statement with knowledge gained by personal endeavors, so, from that point of view I shall ask you to extend to me that charity that goes out to misfortune.

"There is another source of information, too, that is often potential. It is the family fireside, for it is there that the life of the father is disclosed to the son, and the knowledge the sons thus gain is called family tradition. When I approach this great source of knowledge and find it empty, find that it was never my lot to enjoy it, I feel my helplessness, and again I am tempted to implore your charity if I fail in my present undertaking. There are obvious reasons, known, perhaps to some of you, why the story of that great struggle was never related to me by my father nor by any of his brothers, though they were all there. Nor could I get it from either of the brothers of my mother, because one of them gave up his life, while the other has been afflicted and speechless since the days of my babyhood from the effects of wounds he received in battle. In the light of experience and tradition I have only these facts to present to you.

"I have an indistinct impression that I once saw my father when he came home in the uniform of a soldier to see his wife and children, a visit he made a few days before his life was taken from him. I would place the laurel on the grave of my father, if I knew

its location, for he has a grave which he shares in communion with those comrades who perished with him. I do not remember my father's first brother, the second child of my grandparents. His winding-sheet was of deep waters. I have an indistinct recollection of the burial of father's youngest brother at White Hall.

"Now a word to you veterans! You have your Memorial Day. It is a beautful thing. I shall not dwell upon the sacred aspect of its auspices, nor do I need to inspire you with the noble purposes of its patriotic lessons. And am I obliged to admonish you that you pause when you come to the grave of a McKindrey and to the grave of my mother's brother, lest when you place thereon the flag of your country you honor the tomb of one who sought to destroy the nation, for all those men were Cockscombs? They believed that all men were created equal and that in a country consecrated to the common good, no man was so bad that another was good enough to own him; they believed in absolute equality before the law; they believed the law should not bestow upon one rights and privileges which it denied to another. Because they believed in these principles, and loved them more dearly than they loved their lives, they perished; and they now enjoy those eternal comforts to which all good men aspire.

"But if you tell me that I am wrong, that the McKindreys came within the class for which Mr. Brutus Hornblower gives applause, then I am sorely grieved, because you take from me the pride of my life; the standard I had ever aspired to emulate but never hoped to excel—the cherished conviction that the graves of the McKindreys stood for patriotism and not for malice; that the struggles in which they en-

gaged were over these principles and not for the mere purpose of despoiling life. If the McKindreys took part in that great struggle for the purpose of overpowering principles with men rather than overpowering men with principles; if they engaged out of a purpose to destroy men rather than to conserve the principle of equality before the law; of equal rights to all and special priveleges to none, then the McKindreys were not patriots, but they were wicked men, and every act they accomplished was an unpardonable sin, because they knew better than to take life without a just cause. The milestones of their growth had ever been resplendent with the teachings of their parents—the sacred lessons of repentence and charity and of an abiding faith that the will of God be done.

"When I am brought face to face with those who would desecrate the graves of my father and of his brothers; or the grave of the brother of my precious mother, whose life has been to me a beacon light aglow with patriotism, with love of fellow man and love of God, I cannot entrust my speech to the frailty of my self-control, and lest I go too far I shall halt with the single statement that no greater wrong can be committed against civilization than to caluminate the motives that may have caused citizens of our common country to diverge in their belief as to the principles on which its affairs ought to be conducted. To create distrust by dishonest accusation is the art of knavery, and the pursuit of that art is attended with disaster to the common good.

"It has been truthfully said that no nation can exist half free and half slave. Whether such a divergence exists can be ascertained only by laying down upon the conditions we may find, the rule of equality

before the law. If the conditions do not conform to the rule there is something wrong. The emancipation of labor will mean but little without the emancipation of the ballot. So I say that no government can accomplish the full duty of its destiny with the suffrage of one vast portion dominant, the other servient. Whether the domination be geographical or racial is of slight consequence. But with us both sorts exist, and the correction of this wrong is our duty if we worthily carry on the work of our fathers who emancipated labor. Since the days of the rebellion the suffrage of the South has been in a state of vassalage to the nation, and the black man has cast his ballot by subservience. Neither of these conditions can be maintained without harm, and from that harm we now suffer. For almost a generation the growth of emancipation has been stopped by prejudice on the one hand and weakness on the other.

"Servitude has not been destroyed. It has been transferred from the body of the negro to the mind of the white man—from the toil of the one race to the intelligence of the other. We cannot as young men live upon the history of our fathers' sacrifices. We must vitalize our citizenship with action in the performance of those duties which lie before us. As our fathers emancipated matter, so we must emancipate mind.

"I need not tell you that the war was for the arbitrament of principles. If it had been a mere contest of physical supremacy, a war of extermination, then the great generals of our armies made a mistake when they accepted the surrender of their adversaries. The work of extermination should have proceeded. Following the capitulation of the armed forces, the principles which had thereby become the law of war became the law of the land, and their perpetuity was

afterwards guaranteed by amendments of the Federal constitution. The South was reconstructed and citizenship was strewn with a lavish hand. Public men, like Mr. Brutus Hornblower, take great credit for the unity of the nation as fixed by our fathers, yet they tell us there is no strength in that unity, that the South is disloyal and not to be trusted with its just participation in the affairs of the nation. They say we are a nation united in law but not so in fact, and yet they claim the credit for both the union and its perpetuity. I shall confide to them the duty of reconciling the contradictions in their position.

"When and under what circumstances shall we test the virility of our institutions—to learn whether these great efforts have in fact accomplished national unity? Are we not entitled to have the South inspired in the duties of citizenship by the spirit of patriotism, rather than witness their continued refuge under a solidarity that they deem necessary to protect them from the ravages of a racial evil? This condition is either unjust alike to both races in the South, or an evil exists there which is worthy of the nation's serious attention.

"For a generation we have defied the truth of history, and challenged the experience of all other nations by struggling to disprove the incompatibility of races. It is difficult for man to overcome the work of God. When two races are brought in contact, endowed by law with equal rights, the stronger preys upon the weak and finally destroys it; but during the process of destruction, the stronger of the weak preys upon the weaker of the strong, and thus the law's guaranties of protection constantly fall short before the force of the individual unit; the helpless become sacrifices to the strong. The two races we have are

constructed on divergent lines. What the one likes the other may loathe. An opportunity the white man would cherish and ennoble, the negro would debase and destroy.

"The white man has been charitable to the black man and has lifted him up, but will never permit him to go forward into leadership. There is a social isolation of the negro that becomes political because it is racial. The suffrage of the negro is cast in accord with talismanic rules. The white man of the South is a unit against the negro, and thus the suffrage of the one has no other function than to destroy the suffrage of the other. Neither is ever permitted to participate in the affairs of the nation on the broad, free plain of patriotism.

"We are entering upon a new era as a world power in the sisterhood of nations. Can the North and the South do their best work with respect to these new duties unless they approach their performance with the confidence of a common destiny and a perfect brotherhood? We can attain brotherhood only as we share the burdens of our brother and permit him to lighten ours. The priceless cost of citizenship should inspire us to ennoble the suffrage, and to let it be known that he who would degrade the suffrage ignobles citizenship and weakens the structure of his own household.

"Such conditions as we now endure never have been lasting nor can they continue with us. Some day, not far distant, some American citizen, tested in the crucible of faithful public service; aglow with patriotism and inspired with the love of duty well performed, will endow the black man with nationality in the great fertile zone of East Africa, and there he shall not be hampered in his aspirations. There, under the pro-

tection of a convention of the world powers, he may test his capacity for the higher duties of life, a test he can never make till the burden of responsibility falls upon him. This translation, made not on the basis of confiscation but on one of generous justice, will divert into the new South that endless line of white immigration made up of men who love liberty, appreciate the suffrage and have aspirations that worthily befit them for citizenship. I should expect this idea to be opposed, not by the true negro who loves his race, who longs for its uplift and who wishes its perpetuity, but by that class which for their temporary pleasure blindly confide the future of their race to such destiny as the favor of the white man may accord it. And if these false leaders prevent this development of their people, then there remains only the destruction of their race by punishing their vagrancy and vices with sterilization.

"Then we shall have a nation united in fact as well as in law; a single people with a single purpose; a common country with a common destiny; a flag that stands for the emancipation of both matter and mind. And as we young men must not dwell in the past as our fathers may do, but as we must move in the direction of the rising sun and measure the worth of our efforts by the labors of a new day, so we must take up this duty as brave men, conceding nothing but the merit of evolution with which God has endowed the human race."

When Nathaniel concluded his address there was an outburst of applause and cheering. The old men on the platform tendered their congratulations, while Fritz Hansen was seen tugging at Squire Downey's coat for recognition. The Squire advanced to the rail, and when the tumult subsided, said: "My friends and

neighbors, when I was a small boy I used to like good dinners, and when I came to one of them it always made me out of fix for someone at the table to ask me which of the good things I liked best. Now, I don't want anyone to ask me which of the good things in Nat's talk I like best, for I might get out of fix. Our little German friend tells me that he and his violin want to respond to the encore, whatever that is, to Nathaniel's speech, and so I'll just tell him to wade in."

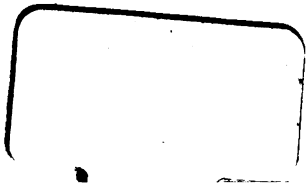
"Ladies and gentlemen," the little violinist began, "I am a German, born in Germany of German ancestors. In the Fatherland we have one people, one country and one flag. We are a happy nation and we accomplish things. So much for my response. Now my violin is also German and it has come to America to live and it has a message for us all, if you care to hear it."

Then out from the tender chords came "America." There was a hushed stillness throughout the first stanza. Even the giant forest trees calmed their gentle swaying; their leaves ceased whispering to the quiet zephyrs that caressed them and all nature halted, breathless, entranced with the intense passion of the violin. The old fiddlers, who had participated in the forenoon contest, lent a hand, and every touch of every chord seemed responsive to some higher inspiration. Midge Downey, in her rollicking way, began to sing, and she started a conflagration of patriotic enthusiasm that drew all the people in from the outskirts. Men cheered till they wept for joy, and the minister's benediction dismissing the assemblage went unheard.

On the evening of that day two problems in national unity were solved when the holy bonds of wedlock

united Daniel Murphy and Cecelia Elsworth, Marion Elsworth and Eliza McKindrey at the home of the Weatherbeaten Man.

At that service Joseph McKindrey, warmed with heavy clothing, looking through glasses, tottering upon his cane, did not typify that rugged force, The Weatherbeaten Man, but rather the near approach of an epitaph like this:

Upon their staffs the aged fathers bend,
Their shrunken frames are feeble; wits amend
The loss of powers that once were virile pride;
And, so, they plod their courses, knowing well,
Nor care how soon, the end.
And as their vision, so their range there every plan;
God graduates the life and, thence, the end of man;
And all concur, no element is dearth,
When man responds and enters back to earth.

THE END.